A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

IN

TEN BOOKS

BY

BARTEN HOLTDAY

D. D.

And

Archdeacon of OXFORD.

——— Δρέπων ———
κορυφὰς ἀρετᾶν ἀπὸ πασᾶν.

OXFORD,

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Anno cIↃ IↃc LXI.

TO

The Worthily Honour'd, the Vertuous and Learned
Sr. RICHARD BROWN, Knight and Baronet,
one of the Clerkes of his *MAJESTIE'S*
Moſt Honourable Privy Council.

Noble Sr.

THe *Remembrance of Juſt Delight delights; which as it is an acknowledg'd Truth in Nature; ſo eſpecially in the nature of knowledge. This at this time of Joy and Happineſſe for our Returne to theſe bleſſings, under our greateſt bleſſing, our moſt gratious Soveraigne, aptly prompts to a Repetition of thoſe Studies, to which the Love and Prudence of your Eminent Father promoted your Youth and my Induſtry about fourty years ſince, in your Academical Inſtitution. The Improvement whereof as your Wiſdome has ſhowed in additions of Perſevering Loyalty, weighty Employment and Nineteen Years Abſence from your dear Country: So in the Importunity of the late warres and opinions, ſome addition I have made of After-ſtudies in the defence of Religion and Arts. With a neceſſary variety therefore from the ſingularities of the Divine Power and Wiſdome, I heere preſent the Theater of Providence, in ſome things ſtrange, in All warrantable, by teſtimony of Men famous among Heathens*

and Christians. Which diligence may bee to some a Direction for Choise and Censure; to Others no uncourteous Recollection of their Owne Thoughts. And as they were a Summer's recreations of my Age, cast thus into the Fashion of Ancient Memorials; so I intend them not as a Laborious Summe of knowledge; but only, as in the Liberty and Pleasure of a garden, as some more pleasing flowers cropp'd for the Complement and Enchridion of a Posy: which by the Novelty may last a Day, and by the Art of Friendship, may, as Friendship should, outlast the vanity of the Flower. Yet as this pleases by Intermission, the seeming Neglect renewing the delight, I but present, not obtrude, to the leasure of Your great affaires, respectfully remaining.

Noble Sr.

The Glad Observer

Of

Your Choise Accomplishments

And

Eminent Merits,

BARTEN HOLYDAY.

To the Studious Reader.

AS weary travelour that climbes a Hill,
Lookes back, fitts down, and oft, if hand have skill,
Landskippes the Vale with pencil; placing here
Medow, there Arable, here Foreſt, there
A Grove, a City, or a Silver-ſtreame,
As offring to yield beauty to his Scheme;
Then decks it for the Gallery, and Views
If th' Eye and Phanſy count it Pleaſing News:
So now my Thoughts and Hopes, that long have climb'd
Learning's Aſcents, by which True Art 's ſublim'd,
Turne, Reſt, and their owne wandrings View. Here Light
They ſee, by which they ſee; there deepeſt Night,
The World 's New *Chaos:* here a tinſell'd Sky,
That does with beauty pleaſe and poſe the Eye;
There Earth, Beaſt, Fowle, Myſtical Man, whoſe braine,
A leſſe World, would the greater world containe.
Theſe, if by Nature 's Herald, Art, well plac'd,
Preſent Nature and Art by Union grac'd.
To view which, no new *Alpes* wee need, whoſe height
Shows *Europe* 's dreſs, which Thence may 't Pleaſe, or Fright.

Wee need no *Ararat* to ſhow *Aſian* Glory,
It ſelfe having Ark'd-up rich *Aſia*'s ſtory.
No *Atlas* need wee, *Africa*'s proud eye,
The Myſteries of its Deſerts to diſcry.
The New world's *Andes* wee can wiſely ſpare:
The proſpect there, but not quick death, is rare.
Wee need no *Tenariffa*, which does ſhoote
So high, my eye J'de lend it, not my foot.
No cunning mountaine need wee, whence the Devil
Would ſhow the whole world's Glory, not the Evil:
Fear'd hee 't would ſpoile his Bribe? But here below
From Art, not Mountaine, Truth enough wee ſhow.
If then thy Eye venters to bee ſo kind,
Scone View the Long View of a Searching Mind.

Thine,

BARTEN HOLYDAY.

The ARGUMENTS Of The Several Books.

1. Of Inanimate Creatures.
2. Of Living Creatures.
3. Of Nations.
4. Of Languages and Arts.
5. Of Philosophers and Historians.
6. Of Physitians.
7. Of Lawyers.
8. Of Kings and other Worthies.
9. Of Polititians.
10. Of Divines.

BOOK I.

OF

Inanimate Creatures.

1.

THe *Heav'n* is Arch; Therefore it ſelfe *Suſtaines*:
The *Earth* is Center; Therefore So Remaines.

2.

he *World's* a Priſon; no man can get out:
et th' Atheiſt ſtorme then; 't is Heav'n round about.

3.

eav'n is the *Silke-worme's Spheare*: what Art did ſpinne it
oes at its pleaſure chooſe to dwell within it.

4.

ow bleſt was *Steph'n*, whoſe eie *Heav'n* did permit
o ſee, who does at th' Father's right hand ſit!

5.

as *Paul* more happy at the *Third Heav'n*s ſight
r more Tormented to Delay Delight?

6.

Who firſt *Mov'd* Heav'n, Philoſopher's halfe-ſkill
nquir'd: 'T was Hee, that made the Sunne ſtand ſtill.

7.

weight from the *Ninth Spheare* Ninety yeares ſpends,
y two hundred miles an howr, e're't quite *Deſcends*!

8.

Man *Aſcended* ſtill row'rd the *High'ſt* ſpheare,
ight thouſand yeares hee'd ſpend, e're hee were There!

9.

he white and yelke are cloſures in a ſhell:
rt thus makes Orbes kindly in Orbes to dwell.

10.

hough *Many* Heav'ns wee thinke there are below
he High'ſt: to This by Thoſe faire ſtepps wee goe.

11.

The *Low'st Ascents* in Heav'n have each their Light:
The Next is Fill'd with starres; No point is Night.

12.

The *Starry* Heav'n, which Divine power so paints,
In Figure shews th' Assembly of the Saints.

13.

Saturne, next the fix'd starres, wise death may preach:
Thoughts must bee sober, that think Heav'n to reach.

14.

Jove was in Fiction Joy: but in the Skie
Tis the next Step to *Saturne's* Gravitie.

15.

A Heav'nly *Mars*, what is't, but a stout hand,
Against the Dragon, in Saint *Michael's* Band?

16.

The *Sunne* is a Great Light to all eyes free:
And yet Heav'n's Greatest Light wee cannot see.

17.

The Hurry of the *Sunne* in his Owne Spheare,
That measures Thrise five Miles each Minute Heere!

18.

Seemes not the *Sunne*, for *Speed* of course, to merit
The name, not of a Body, but a Spirit?

19.

Copernicus will have the *Sunne* stand still,
To 'scape doubts: Hee makes New! This is New skill!

20.

Some New *Astronomers* in the *Sunne* find Spots:
Heav'n was nere Curs'd. The Sunne's Light knows no Blots.

21.

21.

Some find of late New ſtarres about the *Sunne*:
Needs hee more light? God's work with wiſdome's donne!

22

Venus in Heav'n muſt needs bee Faire and Pure:
If it Invites, it mocks, the *Epicure.*

23.

Mercurie's Witt and Tongue doe plainly tell
The Witt and Tongue find place in Heaven, us'd well.

24.

The *Moone* is the World's Glaſſe, in which, 't were ſtrange,
If wee ſaw Hers, and ſaw not our Owne Change!

25.

The learned *Faber* has the Journy meaſur'd
Up to the *Moone:* ſure, wiſe men he has pleaſur'd.

26.

News from the *Moone*; 't is told by very Fame,
There's a ſtrange Man, from *Adam* that ne're came!

27.

Galilie in the *Moone* finds yet more Change:
The Man i' th' *Moon*, once Tale, ſeems Truth! That's ſtrange!

28.

Traffique to th' *Moone*! Is't done by art of Wing?
To Aſcend, prov'd *Chriſt* God! what proves this New thing?

29.

Who'll *flie* to Heaven, muſt ſtore of Viſt'al's keepe!
And ſometimes muſt at once both Flie and ſleepe!

30.

Some think the *Starres* Holes, through which Heav'n ſends (Light:
Then into Heav'n might not aſcend Our night?

31.

Some thinke the *Earth* a *ſtarre*: then ſhould it Light
Send forth abroad upon the Heav'n by Night.

32.

Th' *Arabians* will the *Starres* like Letters ſpell:
But who did e're *Demonſtrate* what they tell?

33.

Experience oft Pretends, not ſo True Art:
That may miſtake; from Truth This does not ſtart.

34.

Fore-knowledge is Divine; Man's Witt Ambitious:
What's *Hali*, *Nabod*, *Bonat*, *Alcabitius*?

35.

Goate-witted Man to climbe will venter, if
Hee may; though hee hangs by th' claws againſt a cliffe!

36.

The *Art of ſtarres* who knows, but Hee that made them?
But Man's bold Gheſſe, to God's wrong, would invade them.

37

To ſound an *Art on Figurative Grounds*,
Reaſon without true Art ſondly confounds.

38.

What though, to worke on Earth, the *Starres* Indeavour;
Since what's receiv'd is chang'd by the Receivour?

39.

What though the *Starres* with lower cauſes cloſe,
If in Man's Actions Grace does Interpoſe?

40.

The *Milky Way* which does the Heaven imbrace,
Shews, Men of Small Light may in Heaven find place;

41.

41.

The *Milky Way* muſt with the ſtarres bee rang'd:
What's out of Heav'n continues not Unchang'd.

42.

Light, what it is, does Senſe, nay Wit, well know?
Light is ſcarce light enough, it ſelfe to ſhew.

43.

The World's a picture; *Light* at firſt was hurld
Upon't: Is it God's ſhadow in the world?

44.

The *Fire* next Heav'n 's like zeale; but not ſo Cruel;
It Burnes, yet not Devours: 't is its Own Fuel.

45.

Th' *Aire's* Higheſt Region's Hot; Cold in the Middle;
The Low'ſt by Reflexe Warme: See Nature's Riddle!

46.

Thunder preſents God's Majeſty to th' Eare;
Which is the Gate of Faith and Holy Feare!

47.

When Heate and Cold, met in the ſame cloud, jolt;
The *Thunder's* Sentence! Guilt's the Thunder-bolt!

48.

When, on Mount *Sinai*, *Thunders* loud did roare,
They ſhooke the Mount, and th' Holy Cloud they roare.

49.

One moſt ſtrange *Meteor* has it ſelfe renound,
The *Sinai-Trumpet*, which it ſelfe did ſound!

50.

At the *Laſt-Day*, when all things down are hurl'd,
Jehovah's Voice ſhall *Trumpet*-up the World!

51.

Lightning Appeares first: Thunder's first: The Eie
Of Conscience sees Guilt, before Judgment's Nigh!

52.

Lightning, the Mother Sav'd, the Child within
Has kill'd! The Soule sav'd, Conscience so kills Sinne!

53.

A *Comet*, is't the Carbuncle of Sinne,
Mas's'd-up from th' Earth and Hell, whence 't did begin?

54.

How at a *Comet* ev'ry one does stare?
When many, who thus Gaze, worse Comets are!

55.

Who *Many Sunnes sees*, sees not his Abuse;
Unless of his Mistake hee makes more Use.

56.

Clammy Smoakes Fir'd and *Falling starres* some call:
Their phansie erres; Truth from their witt does fall.

57.

The *Foolish Fire* oft, that by night does move,
Does by Mistake or Feare, Fooles make or prove.

58.

What Blustring, Hott, Thick Aire's This? 'Tis the *Wind*;
Faint Emblems yet of Man's more Troublesome Mind!

59.

Whirle Wind, th' art a Surprize! Nothing's like Thee
But Rapture, from the Spirit of Prophesie!

60.

Raine's Cloud Dissolv'd: Thus from the Law, Sad Feares.
By warmth of grace, descend in fruitfull Teares!

61.

By Red, Green, Blew, which sometimes paint the Aire,
Guilt, Pardon, Heav'n, the *Raine-bow* does declare.

62.

The *Raine-bow* to the Sunne yields due respect:
Grace, the Soule's beauty, does to God Reflect.

63.

When Heav'n rain'd *Clouds*, and did Our World confound;
The Aire ranne Chanel, and All Seas were Drown'd!

64.

Some make *Dutch Schwarts* Founder of Gunnes and Shot:
The Volly of *Haile* and th' *Amorites* they forgot.

65.

Th' Earth through great Heat, Cold, Wind, Dew oft does lacke:
By Lust, Despaire and Rage, Grace is kept backe.

66.

Hoare-Frost, a Dew congeal'd, on high Hills re're
Is found: Presumption unacquainted is with Feare.

67.

Snow is a Cloud, Light, but congeal'd. Grace Join'd
With Doubt, may knowledge, yet lesse Comfort, find.

68.

At the last Day shall the Saints *Meteors* bee?
Their Earth sublim'd shall yet from Change bee Free!

69.

Sea is the Earth of Water: The sunne draines
What's pure from Grosse: Sea, that is, Salt, remaines.

70.

The *Sea* is salt; Salt's Wisdome: That can reare
The weight of shippe; This the world's burden beare.

71.

It is the *Moone's* Increaſe, that ſwells the Ocean:
'Tis the *Firſt mover* ſhews the *Way* o'th motion.

72.

Vanity does too oft man's large Mind fill:
But the *Firſt mover* Guides th'obedient will.

73.

River is Time in Water: as it came,
Still ſo it flowes; yet never is the ſame.

74.

Some think th'Earth ſtarre: Indeed ſtarres ſend forth Beams:
Wee'll call it Heav'n; the *Springs* ſo ſend forth ſtreams.

75.

Shoot up an arrow, not farre-off 'tis found:
Moves th'*Earth* then ſwift enough, if it turnes round?

76.

Shall not the *Aire* turne *faſter* then the Earth?
To think it moves not ſo, is't Truth, or Mirth?

77.

Wonders we have on *Earth*; thus wee may know
What things there are Above, by what's Below.

78.

Clay, *Sand* and *Rocke*, ſeem of a diff'rent birth:
So men; ſome Stiffe, ſome Looſe, ſome Firme: All Earth!

79.

Downe Picke-axe, to the Depth for *Gold* lets goe:
Wee'll undermine *Peru*: Is'nt Heav'n Below?

80.

Quick-ſilver, Nature's Jugler's Many in One:
Now it is Fix'd: Now 'tis Looſe: now 'tis Gone!

81.

81.

Quick-silver Conſcience, play not Faſt and Looſe:
Faſt will the Looſe bee, to it's Owne Abuſe!

82.

Marble, a ſtately Vanity, does ſhow;
In Natur's Art, Spots doe for Beauty goe.

83.

Each Duſt of *Loadſtone* has two points: 't will riſe
To th' Loadſtone: Many at once may fright our eyes!

84.

Why ſhould the world the *Diamond* ſo commend?
This Conſtant is: the World's a Crumbling friend.

85.

The *Emerald's* the Ey's Favorite: wee doe
In One find the Object and Spectacle too.

86.

The *Ruby* is an Earth, and yet a Fire:
A Holy Man! What Earth to Heav'n comes Nigher?

87.

The *Margarite's* compos'd of Heavenly Dew:
Heav'n is the *Pearle*, that is prepar'd for Few!

88.

Cedar the Dead from Putrefaction keepes:
The juſt more ſafely in *Chriſt's merits* ſleepes.

89:

The *Oake* beares Fruite, though Bloſſome it beares none:
The juſt beares fruite, though oft it is not knowne.

90.

The *Olive* loves Hot ground, nor fat, nor leane:
Grace is the Juſt Man's Joy, in ſtate though Meane.

91.

The Serpent shunnes the Odour of the *Vine*:
A Venom'd Soule flies from the Sacred Wine.

92.

The *Laurell's* a perpetual Green: wee may
See Grace thus flourish, Grace is its owne *Bay*.

93.

By whom shall *Cinnamon's* praise bee fully Chanted?
'Tis as Restorative, as Desire Granted!

94.

The *Corne*, the *Grasse*, for Man, for Beast, renew:
God teaches them to Feed and Teach us too.

95.

Course wonder, *Garlick*! Begger's *Galen*! Wise
Thy Clownes are: Nose-coy fooles thy Wit Despise.

96.

The *Pinke* by Nature's so refin'd, wee dare
Allmost to aske, whither't is Flow'r, or Aire.

97.

The *Violet*, the Flow'r of Courtesie, Delight
Does yeild unto the Touch, Taste, Smell and Sight.

98.

The *Rose* is but the Flower of a Brier:
The Good man has an *Adam* to his Sire.

99.

What's Beauty without Vertue, but the *Lilie*?
Faire to the Eye; the sent will quickly fill yee.

100.

To weed the *Garden* pleasure prompts some Care:
To weed the Mind, shall safety no time spare?

BOOK II.

OF

Living Creatures.

101.

WHo can Acres of *Whale*, in the Ocean See,
And with's Owne wonder, not Aſtoniſh'd bee?

102.

To ſee Nine hundred foote of *Whale*, may make
One thinke, Iland for Fiſh hee does miſtake.

103.

The *Whale*, a Live Sea, *Jonah* did incloſe:
Were Night, Feare, Grave and Hell at once his foes?

104.

Jonah found Aire in water: though command
Freedome he could not; did he not find Land?

105.

Wonder in Wonder doe the Sea-men note:
The *Whale's* vaſt bulke has but a narrow throate.

106.

What's great *Leviathan*, that does turmoile
Himſelfe ſo much in Wave, but Bone and Oile?

107.

Oile makes the wool run in the Cards the better:
Sathan's glibbe arts make Man to Grace more debter.

108.

Though the *Whale's* Bone finds uſe too much about us,
Yet Grace and Wit keep the Devil and that without us.

109.

The *Whale's* Mouth's a Portcullis, but Inverted?
Th' under jaw's Teeth into Holes above inſerted.

110.

O Man take heed of Hell: if that once Swallow,
Leviathan does ſhew thee, what does follow!

111.

The *Greene*-Land Sea's the world: with happy Gale
And Art of grace, lets maſter the Great *Whale*!

112.

Out with your barrels, Sailours, the *Whale's* neere:
Upon another point inſtantly ſteere.

113.

A *black beaſt* with ſquare head, fiery eyes, 't is Tradition,
Iſland-Seas ſhow: Is't Fiſh, or apparition!

114.

The *Cuttle*-Fiſh with's Inke the Sea does ſtaine:
His Witt's his Veile: A ſearch is then but vaine.

115.

The *Rémora* a ſhippe's courſe ſtopps ſome ſay:
The Dev'l indeed our Chriſtian courſe would ſtay.

116.

The *Crampe*-fiſh does the Fiſher catch: his hand
Hee ſtupifies: Thus Craft 'gainſt Craft does band.

117.

Polonians to Revenge doe not more throngе,
Then *Dolphins* ſhoale it, if you doe them wrong.

118.

A *Porpiſe*, the Sea-*Almanack*, fore-ſhows
A Storme; Hee's happy that worſe ſtormes fore-knows.

119.

Shrimp, Sea-*Elixir*, though thy Circle's ſmall,
Thou art to man Food, Temperance, Life and all.

120.

The Prince of Feaſts, the *Sturgeon*, does command
The Ghueſts: Th' Obey, that think they underſtand.

121.

The Dainty *Salmon*, Courtier of the Seas,
With Temperance is pleasure; els Disease.

122.

Why should the backward *Crabbe* bee so asham'd!
They rather that Abuse him should bee Blam'd.

123.

Lobster, the warmth of Age, is but Repaire:
'Tis but Abus'd, when Us'd for prouder fare.

124.

Lamprey is Danger; stomach is but Coy:
Pleas'd you may bee: you may your selfe Annoy.

125.

Nine times an *Eele* through a Cormorant has pass'd,
E're kild: A slipp'ry Sinner's caught at last.

126.

The *Scale*, the *Pike*, the *Perch*, though fish, wee must
For true repaire, call flesh: 't were els Unjust.

127.

The *Gudgeon* is the tender stomach's meat
And Sauce: of this the Rich and Poore may eat.

128.

The *Trout* represses Choler: what is Coole,
Hot, Moist, or Drie, in fare; should bee our Schoole.

129.

Fish speake God's Love and Wisdome, without Voice:
All's not for All; but Some for All with Choise.

130.

The *Sharke*, the *Otter*, Vexe the Sea and River:
What Sanctuary can Man still deliver?

131.

131.

The Dying *Moale*, say some, Opens his eyes:
The Rich, till 'tis too late, will not be wise.

132.

The *Worme* Lives in his Grave: Doe what he can,
He's but a worme. No muck-worme is a Man.

133.

To Heav'n a Soule some Old Philosophy gives:
On Earth the *Gloow-worme* is a Starre, and Lives.

134.

See the *Ant's* Mountaine! *Babel's* Tow'r againe?
Heere's as much Eus'nesse! Though 'tis not so Vaine.

135.

What Seeds th' *Ant* Stores, hee Eates: what Grows, hee Looses.
Scarce shall he grow, whom a Grand Politique Uses.

136.

The *Spider* builds in Palaces; Her owne
Is webbe: i' th' midst whereof shee's Queen Alone.

137.

To One man's peace, the *Spider's* Wisdome shows,
An Other man his peace oft wisely Owes.

138.

Flies oft remov'd returne: Doe they want Feare,
Or Shame, or Memory? Flies are ev'ry where.

139.

A dried *Toad* layd nigh th' Heart, stays blood: wee have
Sinne, which if layd to Heart, the Soule may save.

140.

The *Flea*, that feeds on Dust and Blood, not long
Triumphs; Hee's Snapp'd: Such is the end of Wrong!

141.

The *Gnat* is the poore man's Revenge: Hee brings
Small ſtrength; yet makes great noiſe, and ſhrewdly ſtings.

142.

What in the flow'r is found moſt pure and Sweet,
That only for his Combe the *Bee* thinks meet!

143.

The Monarch *Bee*, when feeble, by the reſt
Is carried: So Jrrev'rence they deteſt.

144.

Whole pits with *Hony* in *Lithuania* flow:
Huge Beares are Choak'd in it; Pleaſure's a Foe!

145.

The *Silke-worme's* its owne wonder, without Loome
It does provide it ſelfe a ſilken roome.

146.

The *Silke-worme's* Nature's Poet, who excels
In phanſie, in whoſe Court with Art hee dwels.

147.

See how the *Eagle* mounts tow'rds Heav'n: Hee's gone
Quite out of ſight; Right Embleme of Saint *John*!

148.

Brave bird of Thunder! *Capaneus* was Fable:
'Tis th' *Eagle* Dares breaſt Lightning, and ſeemes Able.

149.

Eagle and Lightning met, in juſt account,
May make us thinke, wee ſee *Eliah* mount.

150.

In th' *Eagle's* Eye ſee th' Eye of Juſtice, fierce
Both ſeeme, and, what they view, they deepely pierce.

151.

Th' *Eagle's* Thigh does the Lion's thigh Out-waigh:
Is't not a Bird of an Imperial Sway?

152.

The *Eagle* to the Sunne presents his yong:
Is't Bold? Hee Owns't: does't Turne? Away't is flung.

153.

Mount, O my *Soule*, and to thy maker bring
Thy loftiest Thoughts, his Gift, with Soaring Wing!

154.

Descend, My *Soule*, sometimes; but to repaire
Strength for New Flight into Discov'ring Aire.

155.

The *Eagle* casts his Bill, and becomes New:
Oh, may my Soule find but a Change as true!

156.

The *Vultur* will draw blood from his Owne thigh,
If hee wants Prey! *Herodian* Cruelty!

157.

Man, hast thou Grace? Th' hast Sinne! See, 't is but Meet
Not only the *Swan's* Feathers, but his Feet.

158.

Pride can not see it selfe by Mid-day-light:
The *Peacocke's* Taile is Farthest from his Sight!

159.

A *Parrot* learn'd the *Creed:* may not such greeve,
As can not say't, or can not it Beleeve?

160.

The *Nightingale's* a Quire, no Single Note:
O Various pow'r of God in One small Throate!

161.

161.

The *Cuckow's* but Two Notes: what Artiſt tells
The Cauſe? Or why the Nightingale excels?

162.

The *Cuckow's* Halfe an Owle; Hee flies Man's ſight:
The *Owle*, a double Cuckow, flies by Night.

163.

Wonder it ſees, where ſo e're the Eye does Rowle:
The *Batt* is the Aire-Mouſe; The Night's his Hole.

164.

The *Swallow's* a Quicke Arrow, that may ſhow
With what an Inſtant Swiftneſſe Life does flow.

165.

Though the *Cocke's* Muſique from his Vigour bee,
Man is left pos'd: The full cauſe can hee ſee?

166.

Geeſe Sav'd *Rome's Capitol*, the *Cocke* Saint *Peter*:
So a wiſe Mind his Muſique 's ſure the ſweeter.

167.

Per Yong the *Pidgeon* firſt with Salt-earth ſeeds:
Wiſe Education thus a wiſe man breeds.

168.

With what a Roare of Fury *Lions* rage?
'Tis Halfe a Fright, to ſee the Lions Cage!

169.

What doe wee talke of Wild beaſts more then One?
The *Lion* is a Wilderneſſe Alone!

170.

The *Lion* vex'd, with raile ſtrikes th' Earth; Next blow
Gates his OwneBack: The Laſt Confounds his Foe.

171.

The *Lybian Lion* eates Man, Woman, Child:
Eates Him; Then Them: His Hunger's wisely Mild!

172.

The *Leopard's* so strong, so Quicke, so Fierce;
As if, whiles Nam'd, hee 'd Leape too in the Verse.

173.

As from the *Tiger* swift and fierce wee 'd runne:
With greater Care our greatest Foe lets shunne.

174.

Cruell's the *Beare*, h' has yet but a weake head;
A blow has kild him: by *Christ's* Death Sinne's Dead.

175.

Th' *Arabian* Fox robbes Houses, and steales Shooes:
Our Foe would us spiritually so abuse.

176.

The Rav'nous *Wolfe* will feed on Mice and Moles:
Sathan does thus devoure darke Earthy soules!

177.

O mocke of Pride! Man can not Change his Shape:
Though, whiles unchang'd, hee is but like an *Ape*.

178.

The shifting *Heare* wee pitty; scorne the *Hart*;
To flie when Arm'd, is but the Coward's part.

179.

The Sicke *Hart* eates a Snake, and so grows well:
Repentance Digests Sinne, and Man scapes Hell.

180.

Much 't is the *Afrique Camels* Long can fast:
More, that they Incest Hate, admir'dly chast!

181.

Enormous Excellency! Th' *Elephant*
For ſtrength, nor wit, nor words, ſome ſay, does want!

182.

In the *Elephant's* Heart is found a mighty Bone:
Unhappy Man, whoſe Heart is oft All ſtone!

183.

The *Aſſe* for Burden, as the *Horſe* for Speed,
God has giv'n Man, Man's Double helpe at need.

184.

Th' *Ægyptian* thought the *Dog* a God! Hee might
Make him a Friend: Hee's Safty or delight.

185.

A Glutton-*Jew* of all men was moſt croſs'd:
The various daintes of the *Hogge* hee loſt.

186.

The *Cow* yields milke; the *Sheepe* cloths: both are good,
Thus both Alive; and when Both Dead, th' are Food.

187.

The *Catt's* Eye's Providence, It Sees by Night:
A Guard of *Angels* yields both Joy and Might.

188.

More Life to *Man*, then to the *Crow* God gives:
Long lives the *Crow*: *Man* lives, and Dies, and Lives!

189.

Man's *Braine* is Curds and Wonder! Truth this cleares:
Methuſhelah's was unchang'd nine hundred years!

190.

Blood Circles from the Heart unto the Heart:
191 Man's New *America* ſpeakes *Harvie's* Art!

191.

I' *Wake* and ſo new Lives a Night's Protection
Is a new Wonder, whiles a Reſurrection.

192.

I' *Wake* and too too ſoone my Thoughts begin
To ſtray: Can Sleepe halfe-Reſcue us from Sinne?

193.

The *Sunne's* up: yet My ſelfe and God moſt bright
I can't ſee: I'me too Darke, and Hee's too Light!

194.

Cloths, which Hide ſhame, ſhame us, ſinne they preſent:
Wee're Cloth'd yet in the Grave, when Innocent!

195.

Hand, waſh thy fellow; yet the waſhing's vaine:
Wee are Sinne's Black-Moores, though wee waſh againe.

196.

Let devout *Prayer* caſt me to the Ground:
So ſhall I yet to Heaven bee Neerer found.

197.

What ſhall I *Doe* to day? I pray'd to ſhunne
All Sinne; but, from my Prayer 't is, I runne.

198.

Hunger ſays, Feed: Feed? ſays Temperance;
Through Food, Sloth, Sleepe and Luſt, Life's but a Dance.

199.

The *Holy Book* is my Receire; a Sure
Cordial, a Pow'rful Trouble, and a Cure.

200.

Advance *My Taſke*, Thy Praiſe, Spirit Divine!
I'le Slight the Aide then of Poëtique Wine!

BOOK III.

OF

Nations.

201.

IS *Morning*; therefore *Night*; This Order keepes
The world: ſtill One Halfe wakes; the Other Sleepes.

202.

ow *Nations* fill the Earth, like Diff'rent Seeds!
ach Country unlike Men and Manners breeds!

203.

he *Spanjard's* Sober, Wiſe, Conſtant, Devout;
Avarice, Pride, Luſt, Blood! Th' *Indian* cri'd out!

204.

aine's the Third *Indies*; Spice and Gold it ſleights:
Deeper Mines of Counſaile it delights.

205.

the *French*, wine of *Orleans*? Flame, Wounds, Scarres?
ates hee the Chronicle by Civil warres?

206.

h' *Italian's* the World's Gentleman; A Court!
o which, Thrift, Witt, Luſt and Revenge reſort.

207.

hey erre, who *Rome's Hills* by the Old names call:
he *Vatican* is now the *Capitol*.

208.

alie's Church is *Rome*; *Naples* the Court:
ononia the Great Schoole; *Venice* the Port.

209.

ame does for wiſdome *Venice* highly reare:
he *Turke* ſuſpects, their Wiſdome is Halfe Feare.

210.

ybaris once for Vice was the World's Blot:
he World's a ſtaine! *Sybaris* now's no Spot.

211.

When from the *Alpes* the *Afrique*-General
View'd *Italy*, their Top was *Hannibal.*

212.

Britans, yee are ſtout men; bee alſo wiſe:
They 'd need bee ſo, on whom are all mens eyes.

213.

Faſhions and Propheſies are *England's* ſtaine:
Lets not bee Mad too, though wee have been vaine.

214.

Bogges, Purgatory, Wolves and Eaſe, by Fame
Are counted *Ir'land's* Earth, Miſtake, Curſe, Shame.

215.

Earthquake is ſcarce acquainted with *Scotch* Ground:
Yet many Jolts of State have There been found.

216.

The *Belgian's* the World's Scout: Water's his Land:
His Fleete's his Country; and his Art's his Hand.

217.

The Portly *Alman*, if wine ſays not Nay,
Beares his Head high, as if his head bare ſway.

218.

Of *Daniſh* kings *Chriſtian's* a Name and Riches,
Could they make Chriſtians of their Norway-Witches.

219.

Whom more then the Firſt *Suede* did Fame e're cloy?
This made *Lutzen* more Griefe, then His Life Joy.

220.

Ruſſia is wilderneſs; the Man is Furre:
Thatch is his Houſe; his Winter's One Long Murre.

221.

Againſt his Owne Foes the *Polonian's* bold:
Gainſt Heav'n's has his Owne Winter been more Cold?

222.

Can the *Racovian* thinke troubles can ceaſe,
If with *Socinus* God's Foe hee's in peace?

223.

Hungarie's king is alſo *Damocles*:
His Right gives Throne; th' Impendent Sword no Eaſe?

224.

Th' Old *Greeke* was Mirth and Wine; now wretched feares
May make him drinke in Silence his owne teares!

225.

The *Turke* ſells Liberty! The *Turke* does prize it
Though 't's Above price! The pooreſt *Greeke* yet Buyes it!

226.

The Owle, *Athens* held Sacred: ſure a foule
Miſtake of phanſy! *Athens* was the OWle!

227.

Th' *Athenian* Wit ſcorn'd to bee *Paul's* Witt's Debtor:
Juſt *Paul* n'ere grac'd th' *Athenians* with a Letter!

228.

Candie's the Chriſtian Weere: the Seas oft racke
Amaine, from *Helleſpont:* yet oft rowle backe.

229.

The *Turke's* Mad to bee Mad: Hee's a Darke Mind;
Which can no Heav'n, but his Owne Body, find.

230.

To *Homer's* Muſe, but firſt to its Owne ſhame
And Ruine, *Troy* owes its Unhappy Fame!

231.

231.

Cæsar once thought to make *Troy* a New *Rome*:
Byzantium got the Name; Hee got a Tombe!

232.

A stately Shrine the Dev'l at *Ephesus*
Did raise: he would supply a Lost Heav'n Thus!

233.

Paradise o're *Granada* hangs; *Spaine* boasts!
But Heav'n Saint *John* saw, o're the *Pathmian* Coasts!

234.

When *Israel Canaan* left; *Canaan* became
Ægypt: but *Goshen* got *Canaan's* Fame.

235.

Old *Salem* Longer was, then broad; though Faire:
But New *Ierusalem's* a perfect Square.

236.

God's Temple was Earth's Heav'n, yet Heaven he bow'd:
Came downe, and dwelt in Mystery and Cloud.

237.

Arabia once was happy: Now what's Left,
But Sottish *Mecha*, Wilderneſſe and Theft?

238.

When God dwelt forty years midst Rockes and Sand,
Was not the *Wilderneſſe* a Holy Land?

239.

Babel was Nebuchadnezzar! at least
In pride! In Judgment too! 'Tis very Beast!

240.

Babel's proud walls, that were an Army, Now
By turnes do to the *Turke* and Persian bow.

241.

The *Persian* Dwells on Horse-back: Surely Hee
Was the Right Centaure in Old Poetry.

242.

The *Tartar*, Nature's Heretique, Roaves in State:
Hee's a Land-Planet; or, what some call Fate.

243.

India's the World's Faire: Gold, Spice, Gemmes, d' yee want?
They 're There; the Carrier too, the Elephant.

244.

With Silkes and phansies th' *East* the world does fill:
How farre wee faile to please but our Owne Will?

245.

The *China*-Anchorets Wall'd-up did dwell;
The Snaile was not more faithful to his shell.

246.

Amboina's Spices doe the Body warme:
But Got by violence doe the Soule more harme.

247.

Ormuz, Eye of the Sea, if thou 'dst shine bright,
Shine with a Christian Christalline, thou 'lt shine right.

248.

Aloes from *Zocatrà* who but procures
For Health? Bitter Repentance who Indures?

249.

When God to *Sheba* wisdome did unfold,
I sent him its First wisdome, Spice and Gold.

250.

The *Sheba*-Queene, who mov'd by *Solomon's* fame,
Came to bee wise, was wise before shee came.

241. 251.

251.

Th' *Abissine*-Child Baptis'd in Fire may start:
Growne Man, a fire hee must have in his Heart.

252.

Mountaines o' th' *Moone* wee heare of; whose Foote's (
Whose Top is Heav'n! who 'll then a fall There Vent.

253.

Earth in the Moon has *Galilæus* found?
The *Mountaines* of the *Moone* are surer ground.

254.

Nilus is *Ægypt's* Almanack, prevailes
To fore-tell store; how s' ere the Starres-Man faile's.

255.

When *Ægypt's* king God's word Translated shoud,
Sure thrice five Cubits then *Nilus* oreflow'd!

256.

Vast and Full *Cair*, if Fame does not beguile us,
Th' art Double-stor'd: Thy People is a *Nilus*!

257.

Thy Founder, *Alexandria*, makes thee story:
Thy *Athanasius* is thy Greatest glory.

258.

Who thinks *Cyrene* Barren, his Witt's Grosse:
It brought forth *Simon*, who did beare Christ's Crosse.

259.

Carthage and *Rome* did once each other feare:
But *Austin's Hippo* conquerd both; 'tis Cleare.

260.

Great *Hannibal*, bee 't set upon thy tombe:
Treacherous *Carthage* was great *Hannibal's Rome*!

261

261.

Who thinkes *Algier's* Holy, ſurely beleeves
A Howſe of Pray'r's ſometimes a Denne of Theeves.

262.

Toledo's prelate wonne *Oràn* to *Spaine*
And *Chriſt*: a Two-edg'd Sword's a Double gaine.

263.

Yet wonder is: a Building without Ground!
Moſchees and Hoſpitals, where no Faith's found!

264.

Fez obſerves *Mahomet's* Birth-day: Verſe does flow!
Shall wee doe leſſe for *Chriſt*, who more doe Owe?

265.

Marocco's Tow'r three Globe of *Gold*, moſt faire
For Art and Weight, grace: 'Tis a Mine i' th' Aire!

266.

Three *Silver* Globes ſurmount *Marocco's Spire*
Almanſor's worth above them yet mounts Higher.

267.

Numidia's ſand and wild Beaſt! Is ought worſe?
The Mankind of the Country is the Curſe!

268.

Away to *Atlas*, you whom Luſt does pleaſe:
Th' Aire cures, though not the Soule, the Ranke Diſeaſe.

269.

Libia, thy Lions like Thy Sunne-beames rage:
Hunger and Flame more eaſy 't is to' ſwage.

270.

Libia once *Chriſtian* was; ſure *Arian* too!
The Rankeſt poiſon's There, that e're man knew.

271.

The *Unknowne Lands* i' th' *South*; your Mappe-men fay:
It is as well i' the Midſt of *Africa*.

272.

Congoans, when Heathen, made their Foe their Meat:
Now no man, but their friend, by Faith they eate.

273.

Angola Slaves, for gaine, once joint-meat ſold!
Could Nature bee unnatural, though Bold?

274.

Why are Some *Negros*? Did it firſt proceed
From *proper* Situation? Now, from Breed?

275.

The *Guinean* fires his houſe, when Warres begin:
In Holy warfare could wee ſo leave Sinne!

276.

Canarie's grape was in the *Portugall's* power;
Xerez in Spaine's: Has *Spaine* now Sweete and Sowre!

277.

Had *Teneriffa's* top by th' Arke been found,
Would then the *Babel*-men have raiſd their ground?

278.

Tow'rds *Africa* a Sea of Weeds wee have:
Is't not the picture of the World in wave?

279.

Stranger, would'ſt Die? Saint *Thomas-Iland* ſee:
By Fifty, Nature's *Jubily* ſets thee free.

280.

On *Good Hope's Cape* ſeemes there a Paradice Spred!
Fruit There Man eat; with raw guts Heere they 're fed!

281.

f Wisdome may discover; Speed and Way
lay make us thinke, *Ophir* was *Sofala*.

282.

Destroy the World's store, and but *Zeilan* spare, (paire?
lay n't wee from Thence (D' yee doubt?) the World re-

283.

eas Cement Lands: did then by th' Art of Boate
Crosse th' *Anyan* Ferry World to World first floate?

284.

The South-East Ilands did New *Guiny* fill:
light they not teach *Fogo* Like Love and Skill?

285.

Mayre's straights and *Magellan's Fogoans* passe-over:
Three times as farre from *Calice* 't is to *Dover*.

286.

Magellan Gyants doe like Canon, roare:
ure then they need no Beacons on the shoare.

287.

Perù's a Land of promise: is 't so Holy?
t Tempts; yet some, for Gold, find their owne Folly.

288

Potosi Mines seeme *Midas's* Hell; a Hold
or Dev'lls? what is digg'd-up is thought but Gold.

289.

On th' *Andes*-Hills, hee that Takes breath, does Loose it;
Cold breath of Death! To view two Seas, who 'd Choose it?

205.

The *Plate*-Streame seem'd at first a Silver-Mine:
But water there, not Silver, now does shine.

291.

The *Brazile*-Cannibal is his Enimie's Grave!
Two Resurrections yet at last they 'll have.

292.

Wee sought *Guiana*-Gold out at the Line:
wee lost a *Raleigh*, a farre richer Mine.

293.

Cut *Ægypt's Isthmus* South will some Seas goe?
Cut *Darien*-Isthmus th' Ocean West will flow.

294.

The Old World still did see New *Generations*
Of Men: but Our World does behold New *Nations*.

295.

New *Spaine*, *France*, *England*, now Rise in the West:
In our Sunne-Set they Rise, if they prove Best.

296.

Mexico first was founded in a Lake:
Was't not in Earth, Aire, Water, a Mistake?

297.

In Feather-worke the *Mexican's* so quaint;
That Feather is the Creature and the Paint.

298.

A *Spanish* Card of the North-Seas was playd:
To Mocke, not Guide, some thinke it first was layd.

299.

Diverse a North-West-Passage faine would find:
The Wind's content; The Frozen Sea's Unkind.

300.

America's North's Triangle; South's a Heart:
Bee th' Isthmus Faith, from God can th' *Indian* start?

BOOK IV.

OF

Languages and Arts.

301.

WHat by an Angell's donne with Inſtant Thought,
That by *Diſcourſe*, in Man About is brought.

302.

ightly to Underſtand is Happineſſe:
oore 't is, what 's Underſtood, well to *Expreſſe*.

303.

rammar does Guide the Tongue; *Logique* the Reaſon:
hey witt-up Youth to Man in Nature's Seaſon.

304.

het'rique does Language grace: in Age 't is Youth:
'is not meere Shape; the Beauty 't is of Truth.

305.

Sceleton to th' Eye preſents each Bone;
ith Truth, not pleaſure: Bare 't is, and Alone.

306.

he Divine Wiſdome does *Man's Frame* preſent;
ut cloths each part with Fleſh, its Ornament.

307.

he Mind formes *Thoughts*, Thoughts, *Words*: which undi-
Art's Choice Order, aptly may bee Guided. (vided,

308.

ature produces *Art*; by Helpe Divine
he Curious Worme extends his Silken Line.

309.

he Eare is a great Critique; and can tell
ſound, if but an *Accent* falls not well.

310.

a *Greeke* ſlippe *Caninius* ſtraight would Smile:
anklin would ſay, that it does All quite ſpoile.

311.

Great Judges of *Iota* count not Little,
The errour of a Breathing, or a Tittle.

312.

Without your *Art-Markes* Language knows no Laws;
The Wrinkles of the Knuckes have their Cause.

313.

Heralds of *Accents* Books and Braines doe Vexe,
To Place the Grave, th' Acute, the Circumflexe.

314.

Stephanus is Great Treasurer o' th' *Greeke*:
To *Joseph* so for Bread th' *Ægyptians* seeke.

315.

Though *Athens* for Choise phrase was a Choise peece,
Budæus 't was, that was the *Greece* of *Greece*.

316.

Slips th' *Hebrew* Accent, *Schindler* straight descries it:
Maire too: but Curious *Donat* most denies it.

317.

Weigangmeir Tables-up each point and Letter;
It can not stirre: You 'll find it in its fetter.

318.

Does *Pagnine* or *Marinus* Masse-up words?
Hutter's or *Schwenter's* small Cube all affords.

319.

Kirsten and *Raphelenge* are th' *Arabique* Moone:
Erpen, *Giggeius*, *Pococke* are High Noone.

320.

Megeser Turkish show; The *Persian*, *Greave*:
What Tongue untaught doe some or other Leave?

321.

321.

Great *Mithridate* ſpake *Dialects* Twenty-too:
With Halfe th' Art *Nimrod* had made more adoe.

322.

Your Throtling Tongues who would not ſcape? They're (worſe
Then Ignorance! To Learne them is the Curſe!

323.

The Weſt-Tongues to the *Latin*, are but ſleight:
They are but oblique Caſes from the Right.

324.

The Slipp'ry *French*, and Mouth-roof'd *Spaniſh* know
No Mean: Th' *Italian* does more wiſely flow.

325.

Mechóac an Out-ſmooths Latin, as Fame ſays:
The Fiction ſure is ſmoother then the Phraſe.

326.

Latin is *Rhet'rique*; *Rhet'rique's Muſique* too:
It does the Eare, by Art of Leaſure, woe.

327.

All Art is *Logique*: in All 't is th' Immixt
Cement: Reaſon in Man is not more Fix'd.

328.

Logique Defines, Divides, Collects; and Can
Clear Fallacy. It is the Man of Man.

329.

Logique, they ſay, is glad to goe on foot:
It treads ſure ground then; els it could not doe't.

330.

Peter of *Spaine*, a *Logique*-Pope, who 'll ſay,
Was Poore? Popes have Sixe thouſand pound a day.

311.

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The errour of a Breathing, or a Tittle.

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330.

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Was Poore? Popes have Sixe thouſand pound a day.

331.

Suicet's Old Subtil'ties did fall to Banding
With 's Yong: His Witt grew past his understanding.

332.

Witt by it selfe and Language is still show'n;
Yet without Pride: It can not els bee know'n.

333.

Demosthenes did Reine th' *Athenian's* neck:
His Eloquence, though it could spurre, could Check!

334.

In *Tully* see how high *Rhet'rique* can grow:
Hee was *Rome's Tiber*, when 't does Over flow;

335.

Rome's High Witt, *Porcius Latro*, no man Can
With highest Witt Out-speake, or speake the Man.

336.

Quintilian's Bees such Hony have brought home;
Who would not long to tast so sweet a Combe?

337.

Tyre calls Choise *Maximus* Hers: Indeed, the Man
Is Milke and Hony; a meere *Canaan*.

338.

Poetry is Witt 's Spring-Tide, On it rowles;
And what it meetes, Surmounts, or els Controules.

339.

Homer's th' *Atlantique* Ocean, wherein brave
Nature expatiates in Voluminous wave.

340.

Mars, though some may seeme of higher straine,
Thy blood flowes Rightly in thy Happy Veine.

341.

341.

Lucan, thy Age was leſſe, then thy Great Story:
But thy Great Witt has Doubled Age with Glory.

342.

Statius his Witt and Language is ſo brave;
Hee's in his Witts, and yet may ſeeme to Rave.

343.

Statius makes *Capaneus* ſo fierce a Wonder,
As if hee durſt ſtand to Conteſt with Thunder.

344.

Martiall, th' art a ſure Mark's-man; what thy Dart
Of Witt Aimes-at, it Hitts, and makes it Start.

345.

Ovid was baniſh'd *Rome:* 't had been more fit,
Wantonneſſe had been baniſhd from his Witt.

346.

Claudian in too ſtraite Compaſſe does Ingage
His *Muſe*: Hee is a Lion in a Cage.

347.

The *Senecas* in their Tragedies doe ſhow
That Witt, which they to *Spaine*, not *Greece*, did owe.

348.

Seemes *Lycophron* to write, or rather Thinke?
Or *writ* hee with *Caſſandra's* Teares, white Inke?

349.

Scaliger rendred *Lycophron* in jeſt:
In *Verrian Latin*, like his Senſe, hee's Dreſs'd.

350.

Lucretius, Nature's Favorite, excels;
For All's Truth; or, if not Too Much hee tells.

351.

351.

How vainly at th' *Olympique* Games, Renowne
Was fought by Kings! *Pindarus* winnes the Crowne.

352.

Though to the Grape *Anacreon* did incline,
His Song is Above Grape; His Witt's his Wine.

353.

Horace, thy Art of *Ode* is choice: 't will Please
Whiles Mankind shall delight in Song and Ease.

354.

Heav'n, Purgatory, Hell, were *Dante's* Three Themes.
Two were Wise Melancholy; yet Extremes.

355.

What *Petrach* Lost, hee kept: His *Laura* dies:
Hee Lost his Love, not Wit: his Wit was Wise.

356.

Bartas, the Sunne makes Halfe the World still Bright:
Thou dost Illustrate All both Day and Night.

357.

Without *Arithmetique* wee can't know God:
Wee must distinguish between Ev'n and Odd.

358.

Needs must wee know, what is One, Two and Three:
How know wee els, what is a Trinity?

359.

To *Add*, *Subtract*, *Multiply* and Divide,
Does private Doubts, and publique too, Decide.

360.

To *Number* Rudely, is to doe it Ill:
What must bee donne, who would not doe't with Skill?

361

361.

Wee may have *Napier's* Bones, or Pratt's ſmall Table:
Number and Art will thence us ſoone Inable.

362.

A *Seav'nth* Day and *Ten* Laws Number require:
The Art then, as the Law, wee ſhould Deſire.

363.

If Holy *Meditations* you'd *Rehearſe*,
How will you find the Chapter and the Verſe?

364.

Can wee forget how holy *David* prays,
God would him teach th' *Arithmetique* of his Days?

365.

Who takes the *Book* of *Numbers* in his hand,
Without *Arithmetique* can he Underſtand?

366.

Muſique's Number in Sound: Inſtrumenrs long
Since, *Jubal* made; and *Moſes* had his Song.

367.

David kept Number in his Dance: yet free
His Voice and Joy were; as his Harpe would bee.

368.

Saint *Paul*, who bids our Joy breake-forth and ſing,
Forbids not to the Voice to Adde the ſtring.

369.

Boethius's Learned *Muſique* and his Witty
Philoſophy, are th' Happy Tune and Ditty.

370.

Muſique ſo variouſly affects Men's Minds,
The Art is not more wondrous, then the kinds!

371.

371.

Th' *Ionique's* Quicke; *Lydian*, Sweete; *Phrygian*, Brave;
Æolique's Soft; *Mixt* is All; *Dorique's* Grave!

372.

If Lands were not Divided, Men would bee:
The use then of *Geometry* wee see.

373.

When *Joshua* into *Canaan Israel* brought,
Measure kept peace: els all had come to nought.

374.

Between Some Tribes *Jordan* became a Line:
Division 't was, which Tribe to Tribe did Joine.

375.

In the Beginning had not *Paradise* bound?
It had layn open els, as common ground.

376.

God measur'd *Goshen* with a Line of Light;
When 't was Divided from th' *Ægyptian's* Night.

377.

Measure can measure Light; Hence th' *Optique* Art;
Mistaken view has made an Army Start!

378.

The Waters have seem'd blood by dusky light:
The same seemes not the same by *Different site*.

379.

To enlighten Light *Vitellio* does surpasse:
To see *Reflected* Light, *Porta's* a Glasse.

380.

By light Collected, *Archimedes* fir'd
A fleete: Rare Art! But th' Artist's most admir'd.

381.

381.

To know *Refraction*, needs a helpe but ſmall:
The *Aire* and *Water's* Mathematical.

382.

Meaſure and Number ſpread and Dreſſe the Sky:
Diſtance and Starres teach us *Aſtronomy*.

383.

How the moiſt *Pleiades*, how *Orion* ſhines,
Aſtronomy, and Scripture too, *Defines*.

384.

Without *Aſtronomy* Time knew no Dreſſe:
The Markes were loſt: Story were Wilderneſſe.

385.

Scaliger would mend Time; *Petavius* would
Mend his Amendment: Art by Art is School'd!

386.

From *Cenſorinus* Diff'rent Yeares wee know;
From *Lalamantius*, ſince: Doubts els might grow.

387.

Some have thought *Lilius's* Account well donne:
Their Diall's ſham'd by Clear *Vieta's* Sunne.

388.

From Earth and Heav'n *Ptolomy* wonne renowne:
Deſerv'd not this No-king a ſtarry Crowne?

389.

Copernicus does erre with great pretence
Of Art: but *Galilæus* erres by ſenſe.

390.

Who in his *Eyes* will place his *Faith*, may know,
The Dev'l a lie may by Permiſſion ſhow.

391.

391.

Great *Tycho Brahe* Inſtruments did fit
To Meaſure Heav'n; Siz'd by his worke, or Wit ?

392.

Waggoner does the world's Chiefe Havens ſound :
For Our Laſt Port, a ſurer Pilot's ſound !

393.

To know the *Loadſtone's* Myſteries and Law,
Gilbert's the Loadſtone, that does All men Draw !

394.

Lomazzo's a rich peece, which it ſelfe praiſes :
Whiles Art by Light and ſhade, juſt wonder Raiſes !

395.

Antiquities Refine Times from Fire and Flood :
By *Statues* Time's Recall'd and Underſtood.

396.

Tais'ner ſhows Seventeen Hundred different Hands :
By's Owne, Hee's Gypſy: Them who underſtands ?

397.

Strabo, almoſt what Country, but th' haſt View'd it ?
Had'ſt been a Judge, Mankind would ſure have rued it.

398.

Euclide and *Rathbourne* may lay-out a Bound :
Vitruvian Art muſt *Build* upon the Ground.

399.

Search wee the *Mine* for Gold, ſtraight make a Vau't
Wee muſt; els quickely all will bee at ſau'te.

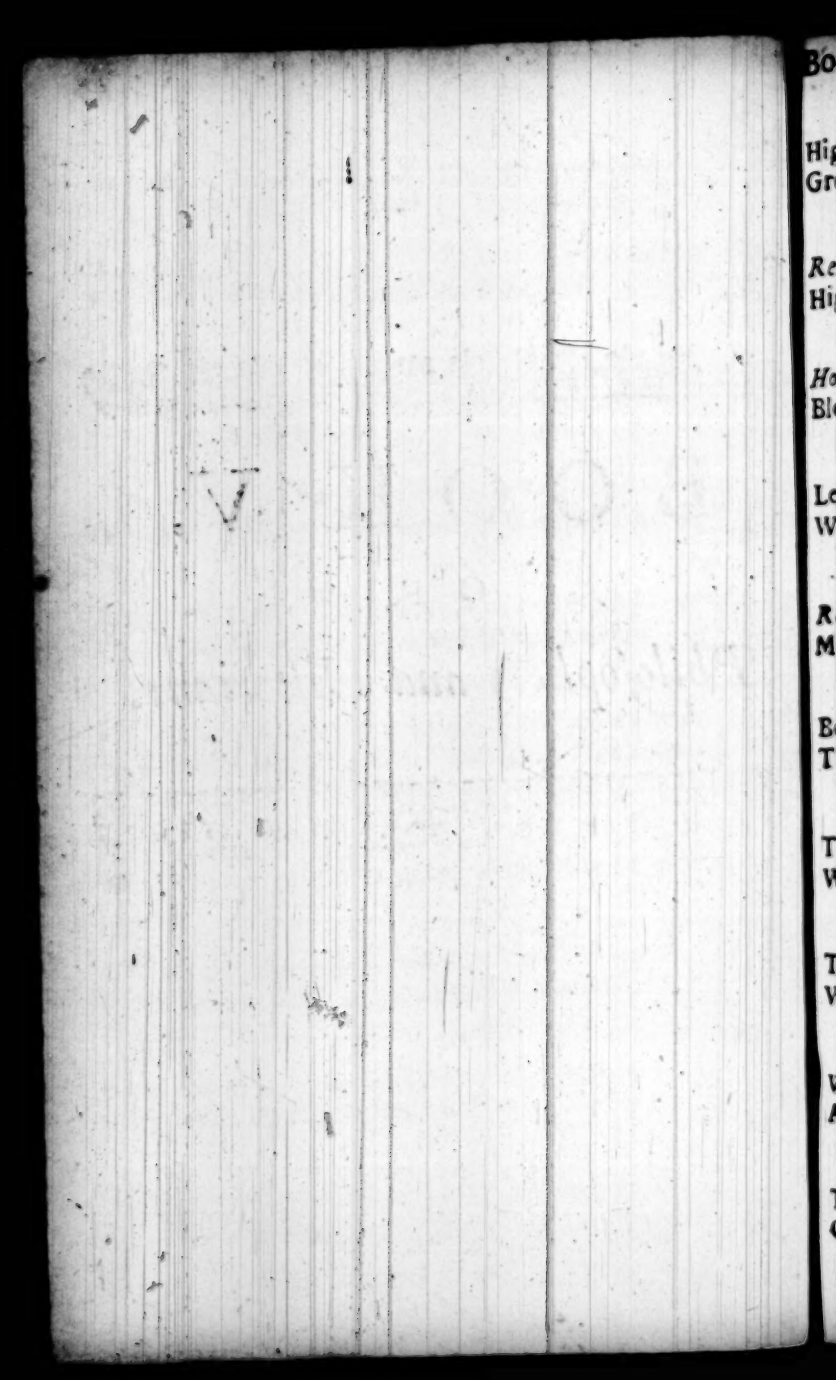
400.

Come, Lets be Wiſe, and for the *Arts* Rejoice :
God's Word is Chiefe; yet Art too is God's Voice !

BOOK V.

OF

Philoſophers and Hiſtorians.



401.

High *Metaphyſique*, that on *Horeb* Dwelſt;
Great Queen of Reaſon; Thou All Arts Excell'ſt!

402.

Religion, Thou on *Sinai's* Top doeſt ſit,
Higher then *Horeb*; Empreſſe of All Wit!

403.

Horeb was but Aſcent to *Sinai's* Top:
Bleſſings from *Sinai* may on *Horeb* droppe.

404.

Lets Teach what wee are Taught: not Inſpiration
Wee now doe bring; but *Nature's* Demonſtration.

405.

Reaſon Alone in Man High Truths can reach:
Miſtaken Inſpiration can 't ſo teach.

406.

Before Time Somewhat Was, that could Make Time:
That *Being* therefore muſt bee Moſt Sublime.

407.

That Being was but *One:* had it been Two,
What One did, then his Equall might Undoe.

408.

The Firſt One muſt bee *True*; els 't is not One:
What 's Feign'd No Being has; and ſo is None.

409.

What 's True is Therefore *Good:* and thus wee know,
All Goodneſſe els, muſt from This Goodneſſe flow.

410.

The Firſt One, True, and good, by a clear Right
Of Pow'r, as Being, muſt bee *Infinite*.

411.

How, what was First, was First, exceeds All wonder!
Whisper has more proportion unto Thunder!

412.

What knowledge may of the First Being bee,
Nature first Learnes of what 's *Philosophy*.

413.

What 's Good, wee soone Corrupt: thus with the *Love*
Of Wisdome, that 's Philosophy, it did prove.

414.

Some thought all *Knowledge* could but *Probable* bee:
For them to *Affirme* 't, was 't not Absurdity?

415.

Some thought *No Knowledge* Man could have at all:
How *knew they* then, what they did *Ignorance* call?

416.

The *Doubtfull's* Vex'd; the *Ignorant* is Mad!
Hee that Attaines *Sure* Truth, is *Surely* Glad.

417.

An *Ague* some, *Physitian's Blush* doe name:
Are *Hidden Qualities* the Philosopher's shame?

418.

From Diff'rent phansies Diff'rent *Sects* arise:
Thus Seeking Wisdome some become unwise.

419.

The *Sceptiques* in uncertainties still dwelt;
The *Stoiques* Over-wise no passions felt.

420.

Pythagoras by his Father, was a *Jew*;
Circumcis'd: known and Taught by *Ezechiel* too!

421.

421.

Pythagoras with the Gods did seigne to dwell;
Lay hid, Return'd: and what had pass'd could tell!

422.

Foole *Man*, that 's *his Owne Mocke*! Whom pride makes quick
To Hope, to get a God-head by a Tricke!

423.

Pythagoras did eat nor Flesh, nor Beanes:
More does Hee, that Himselfe from Himselfe weanes.

424.

Pythagoras did love *Musique*'s sweet Close:
Silence on's Scholers hee might well impose.

425.

Godhead and Witt *Empedocles* does lacke:
Etna holds Him; His Brasse-slipper's cast backe!

426.

From speach with God *Moses* his face did shine:
Plato having read *Moses*, seem'd divine.

427.

Plato's *Ideas* shap'd in Heav'n what's Heere:
Did hee then see his owne *Idea* There?

428.

The *Stagirite*, that in all Arts excell'd,
Knew not Himselfe, nor how the Ocean Swell'd.

429.

Opinion's made Mens God; their Joy then sure:
Ev'ry Philosopher's Thus an *Epicure*.

430.

When *Aristotle* did make Sleepe his Theme,
Should hee have writt Waking or in a Dreame?

431.

For Skill i' th' Creatures *Aldrovand's* so Fam'd,
You 'd thinke 't were *Adam*, who the Creatures Nam'd.

432.

Serpents, with *Gesner*, wee may safly view:
Learning hee had; yet hee no Jugling knew.

433.

Salvian so presents your various Fish,
Hee may bee the *Carthusian's* wisest Dish.

434.

Wise *Dioscorides*, where s' ere hee grew,
Was a rare Plant; Best Artists Him must view.

435.

Æsop saw Man oft become Beast: His wit
By Beast then, to shew Man, might thinke it fit.

436.

Kind *Heraclitus* 's Eyes with Teares still ranne:
Democritus still Laugh'd: Both make One Man.

437.

Socrates 's wisdome did to Vertue tend:
Hee did Himselfe, that would all others, mend.

438.

Diogenes did Philosophy O're-doe:
Hee made Vertue Absurd, and so scarce True.

439.

Cebes wisely instructs us in his Table:
'Tis True Life; yet, like Life, lookes like a Fable.

440.

A Good Example still continues New:
Cleanthes 's Tankerd is the Conduite too.

441.

To Man's short life an Memory Thou doest size
Thy worke, Good *Epictetus:* Briefe and wise!

442.

Seneca 's a rare Surgeon; Hee Inures
His hand to Gentlenesses pleases and Cures.

443.

Seneca 's persevering Wit was Good,
Till from his Open'd Veines flow'd Lines of Blood.

444.

The *Moralist* with skill scarce more profound
Dresses the Mind, then Others dresse the Ground.

445.

Contented *House-hold-Art* cares not to Roame
Abroad; 't is its Owne Happy World at Home.

446.

How prudent *Hesiod* Laws of plow rehearses,
Breaking the Mould with a Glad Teeme of Verses?

447.

How *Maro* does the Bee home loaden bring
With Hony? Hee 's a Bee without a sting.

448.

How *Varro* does both Hen and Nest prepare?
The Chick's Halfe-hatch'd, by his fine Wit and Care.

449.

For *Farmer* 's Life Quaint *Tusser* All containes:
The Wains, the Chains, the Swains, the Pains, the Gaines.

450.

For Village-*Lord*, Brave *Herefordh* does marke
What 's Worthy: Hee 's a *Noah* in his Arke!

451.

Th' *Italian's La Lesina* shows, what ought
In Curious Thrift bee sav'd. Wee'll save a Thought.

452.

Philosophy is Humble, like the Eye:
On Earth it Dwells; and yet surveys the Sky.

453.

See *Story*, Life's Example; how it spreads
A Patterne; in which one man All men reads.

454.

Where *Moses* his High History began,
Who knows? Was *Sinai's* Top his *Vatican*?

455.

Moses is Text; *Josephus* is Tradition:
Him our Faith reads; This read wee with suspicion.

456.

Herodotus is a World, part Truth, part Fable:
To know rare Truths yet, wee 're by Him more able.

457.

Herodotus is History's Fresh Youth:
Thucidides is Judgement, Age and Truth.

458.

Herodotus is Gold of a Rich Veine:
Thucydides no Melting needs! Pure *Graine*!

459.

Story supposes Rule; Then patterne Finds:
Xenophon yet to Rule his *Cyrus* Winds.

460.

Philosopher, Historian, Warriour too,
Who *Xenophon* instyles, speakes but his Due.

461.

Who can not Oft sweete *Xenophon* repeat,
And see from *Persia* his Admir'd Retreat?

462.

Polybius against *Hannibal* Counsaile gave:
His pen presents him yet profound and Brave.

463.

Greece rais'd, *Polybius*, statues to thy Glory:
But thy most lasting statue's thy Owne Story.

464.

The Heathen World's Antiquities may know,
They All to *Sicilie's Diodorus* Owe.

465.

Thirty years toile it *Diodorus* cost,
That, in the World, the World might not bee Lost.

466.

Brave *Salust*, thy rare Witt and Pen so act,
As if th' hadst been with *Catiline* in his fact.

467.

Choise *Salust*, Thou thy selfe can'st so Disguise,
Th' art *Jugurth*, Fierce; and *Mansinissa*, Wise!

468.

Cæsar's Memorials are Pure, Modest, Plane:
Had 's Life been such, h' had ne're at home been slaine.

469.

Halicarnassius did *Dionysius* breed:
Rome had of Him, then Hee of *Rome*, more need.

470.

Rome's old Rites *Dionysius* 's Care has show'n:
Rome now were els unto in selfe unknow'n.

471.

Livie's Rome's Empire! Glorie's Ample Spheare!
Senators, Gen'rals, Provinces are There!

472.

Valerius Maximus with such light abounds,
Hee 's a bright Set of pointed Diamonds!

473.

Paterculus his Wit we must commend;
Unlesse where hee appeares an Over-friend.

474.

Had *Curtius* march'd with *Alexander*, Word
And Art had conquerd All without the Sword.

475.

When whither'd *Salem* felt the wrath of God,
Josephus was a bud on *Aaron's* rod.

476.

Josephus, but where from the Text hee strays,
For JeW's Affaires allmost in all things Sways.

477.

Story is Patterne: wellCompar'd 't is Double:
Ours is the Gaine, *Plutarch*: The Taske's thy Trouble.

478.

Peace; you shall straight heare a Court-Whisper: Thus
To Listen, may n't wee learn by *Tacitus*?

479.

What Lucke thy Wirt had, *Tacitus*, to marke
Rare Secrets? had'st thou Catt's eyes in the Darke?

480.

A Secretary *Sueton* was, and knew
The Counsailes of th' Emp'rour, and th' Empresse too?

481.

481.

Sueton his Method does from *Rhet'rique* take:
Tacitus keepes the Order Time does make.

482.

Sueton and *Tacitus* too much did know;
And, but that Shame's Heav'n's Vengeance, too much show.

483.

Pausanias, choisest Travailour, Thy Fields
Are *Greece*: 'Tis Thine, what Rare it yields. so ever

284.

Justin, whither thou dost contract or Make,
Wee 'll praise the for thy Owne and *Trogus* 's sake.

485.

Though thy Great work, *Justin*, about does rowle,
Yet thy Great Wit does thy great worke Controwle.

486.

Florus is *Livie* 's Margent; yet does Vie:
Livie 's a Goodly statue! *Florus* th' Eye.

487.

Thought and Tongue by *Herodian* is refin'd:
Politian is his *Mercury* and Mind.

488.

New *Livie*, *Dion*! Thou, whose Life was Story,
Shalt by thy Pen Live with a Double Glory!

489.

To Search *Vopiscus* and some few, who writ
Like Actions, *Æsop's* cocke may reach us wit.

490.

I wish *Eusebius*, when on thee I look.
Thou hadst been the Best *Christian* in thy book.

481.

491.

Marcelline Senſe, ſcarce Words, could well Command:
Hee writte ſure with his Gauntlet on his hand.

492.

Severus, Chriſtian *Florus*, Other Men
Whiles Thou ſo writ'ſt, thou merit'ſt Thy Owne Pen.

493.

Story of late from *Tacitus* takes liſe;
Good ſtories of bad Actions now are riſe.

494.

Guicciardine Drifts and Shifts of Crimes has Writt:
Cambden and *Strada* ſhow Wiſdome and Witt.

495.

Europe's Intelligencer *Thuanus* brings
To light, the more Retir'd Affaires of Kings.

496.

In *Priorato's* ſtory Warriours march:
But due to Him is the Triumphal Arch.

497.

Venetian Paul's Trent-Columne Fix'd does ſtand:
The neighbour *Alpes* are not a firmer Land!

498.

The *Centuries* are Truth's Bulwarkes on a Rocke:
The Winds, the Seas may beat: They 'll ſtand the Shocke.

499.

Baronius His *Rome's* ſtory does Indite:
The *Centuriſts* doe the *Church*-ſtory write.

500.

Baronius's Pyramids Renowne do winne:
Yet is there Embalm'd Rottenneſſe within!

501

BOOK VI.

OF

Physitians.

501.

HIppocrates and *Galen* are renown'd,
Though Health 's a Riddle no where to be found.

502.

An *Atome's* Restlesse; witnesse the Sunne's beam:
A *Droppe* 's still Chang'd; though still 't is the same streame!

503.

For Health to the Physitian all Men goe:
Health yet, is 't the Physitian's Friend or Foe?

504.

Hippocrates with Art the World did fill:
Yet his Pure *Oath* 's more Wonderous, then the Skill.

505.

Physitians are Halfe-Priests: if then Impure,
Or Blabs they bee; they rather Wound then Cure.

506.

Physique 's as Old as Sinne: Indure
Disease, since Nature can 't, it straight seekes Cure.

507.

All Ages have their Helpe: *Diet* is Art:
Polybus, Nature 's Scholar, taught this part.

508.

Hyssop is purging; purging makes Man New:
'T was well then *Solomon* the *Herbal* knew.

509.

Diocles both Physitian was, and sure
Physique! Fore-shews Disease and present Cure!

510.

Mithridate his owne Antidote became:
That was Right king-craft! who els claimes That Fame?

511.

511.

Choise *Dioscorides* makes Man so wary,
Hee may become his own Apothecary.

512.

Archigenes his Witt the Spunge does Squeese:
Thought hee upon his Patient and his Fees?

513.

Apicius's Cookery was a fullsome roile:
Wee scarce prescribe Salt, more then Hee does Oile.

514.

Celsus is Art and Elegance: it were
A Curious Art, to cure men by the Eare.

515.

Brave *Oribasius* did with skill abound?
For wounded *Julian* yet what skill was found?

516.

To thinke the Bodie's Temperament does Guide
The Soule, Great Sinners are on *Galen's* side.

517.

Galen is Man: his workes the Bodies Frame:
Their Number and perfection all praise claime.

518.

Galen did live, as Some say, Seav'n score years;
A rare Physitian sure then; it appears.

519.

Rhazes for learned practice is a new
And clear *Hippocrates* and *Galen* too.

520.

At ten years old *Avicen's* Zeale and Art
Vied: H' had allmost All th' *Alcoran* then by Heart!

521.

521.

vicen writes of *Cordials*; with the reſt
ſet numbers not Himſelfe, though farre the Beſt.

522.

vicen's Canticles briefly renew
emory: *Canon* th' are, and Cordials too.

523.

o Make thy *Canons*, *Avicen*, which Containe
ll Art of Health, thy *Canon* was thy Braine.

524.

uſhius ſoiles *Avicen*, Phyſitian's Mirroir;
ee brake before Threeſcore: That was an Error.

525.

ho th' Aphoriſmes wants, wants Art and Eaſe:
o want rare *Faventinus* is Diſeaſe.

526.

aſſaria, had thy Care and Judgement gone
hrough All thy Art, wee had then All in One

527.

aſſavol's th' Apothecary's Commiſſion:
aſſavol is the Rareſt Compoſition.

528.

n *Ancient* times their *Phyſique-Rules* were True:
Theſe, Truth's ſo Refin'd, that Truth ſeemes New.

529.

genius dares *Maſſaria* to refute:
itt againſt Witt is ſtill in glad Diſpute.

530.

ccurate *Argenterius* will not reſt
Old Truths: Hee 'll conſult with his Owne breaſt.

531.

531.

Suchten your Antimony does cry-up;
By Art and Hope now Form'd into a Cup.

532.

Anatomy and Surgery doe raise
Fallopius's Name: from Quicke and Dead h' has Praise.

533.

The learned *Wecker's* books *Secrets* Unfold:
If so, Secrets they are but till they 're told.

534.

Experience has taught Cures: but who is 't knows
The true Disease? This *Rondeletius* shows.

535.

Montanus, though 't seemes Paradoxe, does hold
And prove, Distill'd, or Hot Waters, are All Cold.

536.

A Golden Tooth grew in a Child! Though All,
Ruland, admire; was Nature Chymical?

537.

Mercurialis's Praise and Worth mount high;
Yet in his Ointment may bee found a Fly!

538.

Kind *Montagnana*, though on Land, does show,
How they are Orderd, that by Sea doe goe.

539.

Bright *Capivaccius*, praising Thee wee 've donne:
Is 't Art to hold a Candle to the Sunne?

540.

Sweet *Fracastorius*, thou wast double blest:
Thy Muse, or Physique; who knows which is best?

541.

Dutch *Æsculapius*, *Paracelsus*, Dar'st
By Art Frame Man; and with God's Worke Compar'st?

542.

Would Nature seeme to make Old *Galen* New?
Of Great *Foresius* it may seeme but True.

543.

Whiles with Courteous *Fernelius* wee but Talke,
Into his Art hee does us Gently walke.

544.

Quakes any at his Climacterical Year?
Codronchius will Rule him from his Fear.

545.

From Physique did *Wierus* runne to Evil?
Shall wee begin in Art, and End in Devil?

546.

Curious *Mizaldus*, writt hee Wrong or Right,
Can not bee read, without a Choise Delight.

547.

Sound *Cordus*, Thy Dispensatory teaches
Such Art, as scarce Another Artist reaches.

548.

Man's Heav'n and Earth: from Heav'n and Earth 's his Cure:
The Med'cine, Earth; the Time, *Heav'n* must Assure.

549.

Maginus 's Art and Confidence will tell,
How *Physique* with *Astrology* must dwell.

550.

Fage, in his Calculated Tables, shows
The Sicke Man 's state: His Death's Day too Hee knows!

551.

A Queſtion 't were decided not with eaſe,
If *Clufius* were Phyſician, or Diſeaſe!

552.

Ankle, Thigh, Arme and Belly burſt, Foot ſpraind;
Feaver, Stone, Dropſy, Coliqne, *Clufius* pain'd.

553.

Some vaunt, they can all diff'rent *Pulſes* ſhow:
Can phanſy? Senſe this Riddle ne're ſhall know.

554.

Seaſons of th' year, five thouſand times though paſs'd,
Only *Cataſius* does know now at laſt!

555.

Sanctorius 's Phyſique is the Body and Scales:
Weigh Right, and mend: Thanke thy ſelfe, if Health failes.

556.

Obicius would *Sanctorius* 's Worke Demoliſh:
Which coſt the Builder, Thirty years to poliſh.

557.

Sanctorius, a Wiſe Builder, does with Care,
His *Statique* Art, which hee well Rais'd, Repaire.

558.

All *Helmond* writes, wee 'll hope to ſay, Is Good;
When wee ſhall underſtand, All 's underſtood.

559.

Some ſecrets *Helmond* ſhows, which were more fit,
If True, to bee concealed! Hence, Dangerous Wit!

560.

Sennertus does all arguments purſue
So well, Hee 's Text and Commentary too.

561

561.

Venice, thy *Trincavel* yields thee a Name
Beyond thy wedding Ring, though of great Fame.

562.

When *Galen* and *Hippocrates* seeme foes,
Learned *Rorarius* does the strife Compose.

563.

Whiles great *Hippocrates* obraines his Dee;
Hollerius shall bee Aphorisme too.

564.

Crato, thy wise and plentiful Advise,
Shows, thou gott'st fame not from some New Divise.

565.

Causes of sodaine Death *Terillus* tells:
Wisdome, and prayer, sometimes Death Repells.

566.

The Quintessence of *Man's Blood* is rare Cure:
The Quintessence of God and Man's most Sure!

567.

A Child Cried in the wombe, *Libavius* says;
Did hee begin his Griefes, before his Days?

568.

Horstius the Lover's pulse by Art would find:
Lets learne by Grace the pulse of our Owne Mind.

569.

Baldus man's mind will tell viewing his Nailes:
Place the Commandements there, the Art ne're failes.

570.

From *Curtius* th' Art of Dosing let us learne:
Strong Physique does not a weake mind concerne,

571.

Crinitus, Weigh'ſt Man's Heart? If Grace it fill,
'Tis Light: If Empty 't is, then ſinke it will.

572.

Melampus by the Bodie's Moles would ſaigne
Divine: by Inward Spots it were not Vaine.

573.

Anatomiſts Man's Body ſtill ſo View,
As if this Art, when Man Dies, ſtill were New!

574.

Laurentius is th' Anatomiſt of his Art,
Tranſcending in the Philoſophical part.

575.

New *Remelinus* takes off Man's firſt Skinne:
So by Degrees unclothes each part within.

576.

Platerus Chippes out Man, and ev'ry part
Lays by it ſelfe, with ſpeciall Care and Art.

577.

Veſalius does *Fallopius* diſſect:
Anatomy by Anatomy is Check'd!

478.

Bartholine 's Art and Eye are Quicke of ſight:
His View 's Review: hee does the Mind Invite.

579.

Caſſerius the Inſtruments of Senſe does ſhow:
Our Senſes to His Reaſon This doe Owe.

580.

Spigelius preſents Man, as at his Riſe:
You 'd thinke yee ſaw *Adam* in Paradiſe.

581.

581.

Some the *Anatomy* of the *Living* write:
Let th' Eye to its Owne Conscience cast its sight.

582.

Has ev'ry sore a Salve? *Erastus* then,
Not *Paracelsus*, proves the Man of Men!

583.

Libavius the *Parisian* Checke does sleight:
Shewing what Chymistry hee does count Right.

584.

Libavius does your *Crollian* Magique try:
And to the *Roseal Crosse* has a like eye.

585.

What 's searching *Lullus*, the Philosopher's Stone
And *Augurellus*? Sure their Worth 's All One!

586.

Camphire-Oile, and some more, for Liquid Gold,
With Gold-Dust, passe; by *Beguin* yet contrould.

587.

What 's not perform'd by Nature, Art or Grace,
Is Bad: where then shall *Weapon-Salve* find place?

588.

Taliacotius will a main'd face Close
To anothers flesh, and thence make a new nose!

589.

Mathiolus and *Lobel* are choise plants:
Without Them th' Herbal would confesse its wants.

590.

If to the *Spaw* a journy thou wouldst make,
Garingus and *Byetius* with thee take.

581. 591.

591.

Who Travaile would by Sea, Waggon, Horſe, Foote;
By *Gratarol's* Advice may better doe't.

592.

The Inſtruments of ſpeech in Beaſts, who reach?
Rare *Aqua Pendens* yet ev'n This dares Teach.

593.

Quercetan does a learned Choiſe propoſe
Of Meats: Hee does deſerve the Helpe hee ſhows.

594.

Old *Trapezuntius* did his Skill and Name
Forget by Sickneſſe: *Sickneſſe* was His Fame.

595.

Drinke, fourteen Ounces daily, by juſt waight,
Bread and Meat Twelve! *Cornari's* ſtrict Receite!

596.

Who was the *Beſt Phyſitian?* ſhall wee ſay?
Judge by ſucceſſe; It was *Methuſhelah.*

597.

Allmoſt a Thouſand years *Methuſhelah* told:
In God's Account hee was not One day Old.

598.

Twice as much *Bread* as Fleſh; Thriſe as much eat,
As Fiſh: Once and a Halfe as Egge 's Receite.

599.

The Lampe is *Life*: Man's Heat does daily dry
His moiſture up; ſo that to Live 's to Die.

600.

What 's Life, Health, Phyſique? though one daily quaff'd
With Thirſt and Phanſy, Doctor *Antonie* 's Draught!

601.

BOOK VII.

OF

Lawiers.

601.

LEts keep *Poſſeſſion*; Cries the Lawier ſtill?
'T is well, if the Poſſeſſion proves not Ill.

602.

Two things there are, the One of which is *Mine*:
The Other e're I have 't, ſhall I call *Thine*!

603.

Nature, art *Cain*? ſayſt thou at ev'ry ſtriſe,
Though Brother th' art, J'le have thy Goods or Life?

604.

Nature, although Corrupt, will have ſome *Law*;
To ſcape wrong, wee 'll doe Right: Danger does Awe.

605.

Conſcience is Law, Accuſer, Witneſſe True;
Judge, Pris'ner, Jailour, Executioner too.

606.

The *Heav'nly Angels* know their Laws: without
Order, Heav'n not Aſſembly were, but Rout.

607.

The *Dev'lls*, that raiſe all ſtriſe, ſtriſe yet doe quell
Amongſt themſelves: A Law there is in Hell!

608.

Relations muſt bee Own'd: Huſband and Wife:
Father, Sonne; Maſter, Servant: Order's Life.

609.

The *Head and Feet* doe ſtill their Diſtance keep:
The Natural Bodie's Politique, ev'n in Sleepe.

610.

No Nation but does in it ſelfe keep Law:
The *Cannibal's* Owne Family ſcapes his Maw.

611.

611.

Nimrod more fought for Glory, then for Blood:
Much losse of This, Only with Justice, stood.

612.

What Blood the Body looses, the *Head* feeles:
There's quick Intelligence between Head and Heeles.

613.

All Fault was Death with *Draco*: This Severe
Decree was Life: Safety thus sprung from Feare.

614.

Fraile are Man's Laws; *Israel's* Laws are sure:
And only by Gods will Change or Indure.

615.

Of Heathen Laws the *Roman* bears the Name:
In Diffrent Times yet, *Roman's* not the same.

616.

Laws under *Kings Rome* had: *Papirius's* Name
They beare, by Him Collected: Hee the Fame.

617.

When *Tribunes* Rul'd, the Law uncertaine grew:
And *Rome* then thought, that All's not Best, that 's New.

618.

Troubles teach Witt: thus *Rome* did fetch from *Greece*
Laws in Ten Tables: 't was a Golden Fleece.

619.

Ten Tables were at *Rome* to Twelve improv'd:
To helpe what wanted, *Rome* it so behov'd.

620.

Th' *Ephesian Hermodorus*, though Exil'd,
The Authour is of *Rome's* Twelve Tables styl'd.

621

621.

Plato muſt write of Law; it was Intended
By Art and Blood: from *Solon* he deſcended.

622.

Charondas 'gainſt his own Law, to his paine,
Comes arm'd to Councell: by's Own ſword hee's ſlaine.

623.

What Various Laws *Rome's* Common-Wealth did know,
Wee may: *Zaſius* ſhows Them: They him doe ſhow.

624.

Papirian, *Flavian*, *Ælian* Law *Rome knew*:
Yet wiſe *Neceſſitie* ſtill added New.

625.

Rome's People from the Senator's did fall:
Made Laws; and theſe *The People's Laws* did call.

626.

A People Needs a *Senate*: This does make
Laws, which their Name doe, from the *Senate*, take.

627.

Rome's Prætor had his *Honorarious* Law:
At laſt the *Conſul's* Laws kept All in Awe.

628.

The Senate gave *Naſica* Houſe and Fame:
For Law-Adviſe to Him the People came.

629.

Servius a famous Orator, by ſhame
Wiſely provok'd, in Law got Skill and Fame.

530.

Labeo in *Rome* ſix Months ſpent: ſix he Writ
Retir'd: The Country was his Fame and Wit.

631.

631.

Trebatius 's Skill; *Cascelius* 's Eloquence;
Ofilius 's Learning; was their Difference.

632.

Augustus did Himselfe, whiles Law, advance:
His Noble Art sham'd Wrong and Ignorance.

633.

Man Rais'd Art; Art Man: Law did *Lawiers* reare:
Some knights, some Senators, some *Consuls* were.

634.

By *Caracalla* 's Sword *Papinian* died:
Hee scorn'd to Excuse an Emp'rour Fratricide.

635.

Th' Imperial Laws, that lay before Disjoind,
By wise *Justinian* in One *Code* wee find.

636.

What the *Gregorian*, *Hermogenian* Code,
And *Theodosian* had, *Tribonian* show'd.

637.

Prophane and Greedy though *Tribonian* were,
Just and Free Art does his Name highly reare.

438.

Law includes Pow'r and Wisdom: These wee find,
To have their Empire in *Justinian's* Mind.

639.

The well Digested *Pandects* doe display
The Law: whiles what the wisest *Lawiers* say.

640.

The *Code* has Pow'r: The *Pandects* have profound
Reasons; These are the Law's sure Depth and Ground.

641.

641.

Law's *Institutions* are the Youth of Law:
Law's *Constitutions* doe keepe Age in Awe.

642.

The *Novel* Constitutions show they are
As a new *Code*, form'd with *Authentique* Care.

643.

The *Feudal Customes* may as *Pandects* bee:
Their Right the Learned Lawiers make us see.

644.

Wit teaches Wit: Th' Imperial Artists show
Rome's Clergy Wits which way they have to goe.

645.

Scholars Quicke Scholars are: *Gregory* the Great
Sent-out commands, as Lofty as his Seat.

646.

A *Canon* Law *Gratian's Decree* does reare.
As the Church-*Pandects*, for a Thousand year.

647.

Gregory the Ninth unto the Church first show'd
Decretal Constitutions *Rome's Church-Code.*

648.

Th' Eight *Boniface* his Decretals does spread;
By *Dynus* 's Arts which *Roman* Lawiers read.

649.

Clemens the Fift His Decretals presents:
Ambitious Men succeed to proud Intents.

650.

The Two-and-Twentith *John* does make new roome:
Thus his *Extravagant* Constitutions come.

641. 651.

651.

Rome's Church is now growne Empire: Has This *Code*?
Like Reverence to the *Decretals* is shew'd.

652.

Law *Civil*, has it *Pandects*? The *Decree*
Shall to the *Roman* Church as *Pandects* bee.

653.

The *Canonists*, that doe their Taske pursue,
Have now, by *Lancelot*, *Institutions* too.

654.

Has not the Church a surer Guide then Man?
With *Scripture*-Canon sure the Church began.

655.

Scripture's Church-*Code*: The first sow'r *Councils* know
They 're *Pandects*, which Themselves to *This Code* owe.

656.

Th' *Apostles Canons Zonaras* explaines:
To Prove them, then to Expound them, is more paines.

657.

The *Gen'ral* Church a *Code* had; th' *African* too *a'*:
All that is Good in *Gratian* is not New.

658.

Isidore, *Burchard*, *Ivo*, Laws Collected,
Which before *Gratian*, Church-Affaires directed.

659.

Photius his *Nomocanon*'s a *Greeke* Light:
Balsamon strives to make it shine more bright.

660.

Lotharius and *Bononia Irnerius* Cherishd:
By 's *Interlinear Law-Glosse* They too flourish'd.

661

661.

Though *Azo*'s Industry was more then 's part;
His *Summe* 's the Summe of *Azo* and his Art.

662.

But for *Accursius* Law had had a Losse:
Hee first, the whole Imperial Law did Glosse.

663.

Who th' Emp'rour's Right Oppos'd *Vinea* defied;
Was hee not Wise? The Sword was on his side.

664.

Accurate *Hostiensis* much does write:
His Learned Summe 't is that does Much Invite.

665.

Law's Looking-Glasse the clear *Durantes* writ:
A Glasse, in which you may behold his Wit.

666.

Guido the *Grosse Clemens* the First became:
Both Laws he knew; One Law hee Now might Frame.

667.

Bartolus Law, it selfe is enough Fear:
Would'st thou both *Pleader* bee, and *Judge* Severe?

668.

Baldus with study, Age and Fame ev'n weari'd,
Why in Saint *Francis* Habit would'st bee buri'd?

669.

If *Francis* was, as Truth can *Francis* paint,
Baldus more Lawier was, then *Francis* Saint.

670.

Panormitan in *Basil* Counsil sate
When Pope *Eugenius* had his Fare-well Date.

671.

671.

Jason did the Whole Civil Law expound:
Liv'd Long, and allmost fifty years Renown'd.

672.

Zasius in Law did Reason most esteeme:
Of His Choise Thoughts hee shows us how to deeme.

673.

For Practice in the Law *Oldendorpe's* Way,
As Once With Him, with Others still may Sway.

674.

Civil and Canon Law *Oldendorpe's* Care
Does Sort: Knows the Comparison Compare?

675.

Budæus 's Choise and Learning give such Light,
Hee does New Pandects on the Pandects Write.

676.

Alciat's Wit and Fame were *Milan's* Jewel:
His Owne was his selected worke, His Duel.

677.

Cujacius, still bee 't Doubt, that neither boast,
If Thou to Law, or Law to Thee, Owes most.

678.

Rare *Wesembecius* 's Artificial Frame
Of Law, which *Tully* wish'd, Raises his Name.

679.

The *Institutions* many a Wit have Vext:
Mynsinger may bee Law without a Text.

680.

Hotoman 's worth is by his writing's knowne:
Could His Pen *Junius Brutus* 's writings Owne?

681

681.

Spaine on the Law Imperial will attend:
Her *Covarruvius* was her Pride and Friend.

682.

Antonius Augustinus tries the Ground
Of Law; Hee the Twelve Tables does expound.

683.

Calvin's an Honest *Lexicon:* who feares
To bee phrase-jugled? Ev'ry word Hee Cleares.

684.

The *Greek* and *Roman* Laws receive great praise
From *Leunclavius:* Sha'n't They His fame raise?

685.

Exquisite *Gothofrede* does so Transcend,
The Law's perfection makes us fear 't will End.

686.

The brave *Welsh Solon*, *Howell Dha*, much Glory
Unjustly wants: His worth does Claime more Story.

687.

By Law of *Wales* no Morgaging of Land
Was good, unlesse into a Kinsman's hand.

688.

The Spring and Harvest *Welsh* Vacations were:
No Suite For Land the Judges Then might heare.

689.

Wales, at thy Judge's Right hand the Priest sate;
Who with the Judges did Deliberate.

690.

The *Rhodian* Laws show *Wellwood*'s settled Wit:
Though of the Sea, upon the Land he writ.

691.

The *Grecian* Armes and Tongue prov'd both but vaine:
The *Amphyctyones* were the Wise Braine.

692.

Linwood and *Spelman* Ancient wisdome show:
Noveltie's Danger: with Time Errours grow.

693.

Cowell, Thou hast Order'd the Law: giv'n Light:
Sunder'd what lay confus'd, and placed all right.

694.

Littleton 's Tenure's Ground: Free Land's rich mould:
Fee-Taile is Gravel: Sand is Copy-hold.

695.

Lambard, Law's Antiquary, makes us see,
By what High Courts Once were, what they should bee.

696.

Fulbecke Law Civil, Canon, Common, shows:
Compares: Discovers, where they 're Friends, where Foes.

697.

Fitzherbert, what in Year-bookes lay confus'd,
Has wisely sav'd, from being more abus'd.

698.

What is *English* Law's Hope after Clear *Brooke*,
Deep *Plowden*, Quick-brain'd *Dyer*, Learned *Cooke*?

699.

Beware the Sharke: if in Law's Sea wee fall,
A limbe is lost! If Lost wee are not All.

700.

Against Both Parts Law so does Oft prevaile,
They 're Swallow'd worse, then *Jonah* by the Whale!

701.

BOOK VIII.

OF

Kings and Other Worthies.

701.

Juſt Empiere's Shuneſhine; Pow'r, that 's got by wrong,
Is Tempeſt: A fierce Tempeſt laſts not Long.

702.

Nimrod was not of his owne Kin the Firſt:
The Chief he was: but what was worſe, the Worſt.

703.

Semiramis, did'ſt ill, to rule thy Sonne?
Rule him whiles Child: when Man, His rule begunne.

704.

Pharaoh's hard heart no ſhowres of grace obtaines:
Now wee 'll beleeve in *Ægypt* it ſcarce raines.

705.

Why did the *Pharaohs* raiſe ſuch maſſy Tombes?
Fear'd they to come unto their Heavier Doomes?

706.

Tremble fond *Pyramids*! The Laſt Thunder can
Startle your Guilty *Mumy* into Man?

707.

Vaine *Pharaohs*, when your Piles are hurl'd aſunder;
Not They, your Folly 't is, ſhall prove the Wonder.

708.

Though *Nimrod's* Tow'r and Pride th' *Ægyptians* led,
Hee for the Living built; They for the Dead.

709.

Moſes, to Die in *Nebo*, did God ſend?
Death was his Way: but Life 't was, was his End.

710.

Joſhua, Thou waſt King'of th' Holy ſword:
Was 't double edg'd, like God's Victorious word?

711.

Adonibezec cut-off Thumbes and Toes:
Cruelty's Folly! Fear'd hee Kicks and Blows?

712.

Envious and Bloody *Saul!* Nothing could winne him.
From his Fierce will: His worst Witch was within him.

713.

David was Moone; knew Increase, Full and Waine;
Change too: yet did in th' Heav'n of Grace remaine.

714.

Solomon's Fame did from his Wisdome rise:
His Wisdome, nay His Folly, makes Us wise.

715.

David cut-off *Saul's* Skirt: The Ten Tribes doe
Leave *Rehoboam* but a skirt or Two.

716.

Jehosaphat made Judges: some agree,
The last great 'size shall in his Vally bee.

717.

Sardanapalus did himselfe perplexe:
This Distaffe-King could not himselfe Unsexe.

718.

To Heav'n sad *Ezechiah's* prayer goes;
Comes downe in Angel, and Destroys his Foes.

719.

Impious *Sennacherib* blasphem'd his Maker:
In his shed blood his Sonne with 's Sonne's partaker.

720.

Manasses lost a Crowne; The Lot of Many
Againe receives it; scarce the Lot of any!

721.

721.

Josiah was Extremes; All Acclamation,
His Passover! His Death, All Lamentation!

722.

High *Nebuchadnezzar* a God began
To Act: God made him Beast, to make him Man.

723.

Wine in God's bowles *Belshazzar* quaff'd in Flout:
That night by th' Enimie's Sword His Blood flow'd-out.

724.

After Long Glory and its strong delusion,
Th' *Assyrian* Felt and Saw his Owne Confusion.

725.

The *Mede* th' Assyrians Spoild; *Persians* the *Mede*:
Captiv'd in Sinne, Sinners thus sinners lead.

726.

Cyrus decreed God's Temple 's Reparation:
Happy it was, if 't was his Owne Foundation.

727.

A King and No King? Riddle, shall wee say?
By *Esther's* hand thus *Mordechai* did sway.

728.

Happy *Assuerus* whiles with *Esther* join'd:
Was 't *Jew* and Gentile in one *Christ* refin'd?

729.

Was *Persia* 's Glory in *Darius* Ended?
By his rare Patience was it not Extended?

730.

Darius 's Mother, Daughter, Wife (Love-snares)
Were *Alexander's* Captives; Not Hee Theirs?

731.

Swift *Alexander*'s Land-flood! Such his Sway
That his owne Fierceneſſe ſwept him ſoone away.

732.

Was *Alexander* more then Toile and Sinne?
Vexing Deſires, in Greatneſſe, ſtill Beginne.

733.

Great *Alexander* Living is the Great:
His Death, of Him and His was the Defeate.

734.

Abuſive pow'r *Calliſthenes* Defac'd:
Proud *Alexander* Himſelfe moſt diſgrac'd.

735.

The *Macedonian* built his Horſe a Tombe:
A poiſon'd Hooſe provided Him Like roome.

736.

The *Macedonian* Loſt the *Aſian* Throne:
His Kin ſoone Loſt, or never Got, their Owne.

737.

Who gripes too much caſts all upon the ground:
Too great a *Greatneſſe* Greatneſſe does confound.

738.

In *Alexander*'s Wife's and 's Children's blood
Caſſander's ſlipp'ry Throne no long time ſtood.

739.

In th' Eaſt the *Grecian*'s Pride firſt Rais'd its Creſt:
Perſeus captiv'd by *Rome* droop'd in the Weſt.

740.

Scripture is Library: *Ægypt*, thy King
Ptolemy Philadelph Thee Both did bring.

741.

741.

Seem'd *Pompey Rome's* Head? *Ægypt* was *Rome's* ſtore;
When *Pompey* left his Coarſe on *Ægypt's* ſhoare.

742.

Antony was devour'd by *Ægypt's* guile:
Faire *Cleopatra* was the Crocodile!

743.

Anthiochus the Great, Fortune's ſhrine faigne
Would ſpoile: By Fortune was't? There hee was ſlaine!

744.

Antiochus the Mad, God's Temple ſpoild:
Was plagu'd; Griev'd; Died: 't was Gaine to bee thus foild.

745.

The *Macchabies*, Apocryhal in Story,
The World ſtrives yet to Canonize in Glory.

746.

Mithridate forty years a warre maintaind
With *Rome*: Hee Fought; hee Liv'd not; much leſſe Raign'd.

747.

Mithridate ſlew Wife, Mother, Child; Remorſe
Knew not! Some Wives, Hee Nature did Devorce!

748.

Rome was *Tigranes* his laſt Overthrow:
Active *Tigranes* was his Owne Firſt Foe.

749.

Herod, though Foxe, more Crafty was, then Wiſe:
Hee 's Foole, that acts crimes before Publique eyes.

750.

Cæſar was Warre: *Auguſtus* Peace: Impure
Tiberius was; *Caligula* paſt Cure.

751.

Claudius was Dotard: *Nero* beastly Mad:
Galba stale; *Otho* Trimme; *Vitellius*, Swad.

752.

Vespasian 's Shrewd, and Base: *Titus* more Good
Then Bad: *Domitian* is Pride, Lust and Blood!

753.

Nerva 's a Snuffe, that in the Socket blazes:
And soone gooes-out, whiles the Eye upon it gazes.

754.

From *Spaine* to th' *Indies Trajan* did prevaile:
Of *Christ* and th' *Indies Trajan* yet did faile.

755.

Adrian was *Mercury*; a Mixture strange
Of Vice and Vertue; Of Great Art and Change!

756.

Once *Alexander* could *Diogenes* bee:
Antonine, King and Stoique was in Thee.

757.

Severus might amongst the Best shine bright,
But that hee was th' Eclipse of his Owne Light.

758.

Who does not *Commodus* and *Bassian* Loath?
Heliogabalus was Himselfe and Both!

759.

The *Persian* state *Alexander* O'rethrew:
Rome's Alexander did Himselfe subdue.

760.

Valerian Christians vex'd: *Sapores* flayd him!
How Cruelty helpes Justice? They Repaid him!!

761.

Aurelian from *Zenobia* wonne some fame:
Zenobia's Worth did the fierce Conquerer tame.

762.

Great *Constantine* thou wast the Spirits of Wine:
Thou gav'st the World Tincture, or Tast, Divine.

763.

Julian revolts from Christ: yet can not starr
From Death: was not Apostasy the Dart?

764.

Though *Theodosius* Raged, his Happy Shame
Prov'd, Holy *Ambrose*, His and Thy true Fame.

765.

Attila's Pride and Fury did decline
At once: Hee Liv'd in Blood, and Died in Wine!

766.

Depos'd *Glycerius* is, by *Nepos*'s Will,
Made Prelate; Had hee seeming Empire still?

767.

Augustulus his Name was like his Throne:
A little *Cæsar* First; then Quickly None.

768.

Justinian gave *Constantinople* Law:
But *Belisarius*'s Sword the World did Awe.

769.

Justinian, *Belisarius* hast Contemn'd?
Hee was thy prisoner: Thou 't is art Condemn'd.

770.

Many Warres caus'd *Ravenna's Exarchate*:
Too many made Two hundred years its Date.

771.

771.

Mauritius Captive blood would not redeeme;
That shed; his owne did find as much esteeme.

772.

Charles the Great his battles did record
In blood: Hee writ them with the Spirit of Sword!

773.

The *Grecian* Empire Constantine begunne:
And in a *Constantine* shall 't bee undonne?

774.

Otho the Great did stoutly quell his foes:
This Double *Cæsar* did a Pope depose!

775.

Hildebrand did *Henry* the Fourth debase:
But sweet Revenge Raptur'd him from disgrace!

776.

Saladine to his grave bid his friends bear
His spoiles of th' East, his Shirt upon a speare!

777.

For Seav'nty years *Rome* to Avignon fled:
There *Rome* was, where *Clemens* the Fift, its Head.

778.

Queen *Joane* of *Naples* so did act her Life,
Shee seem'd as much an Hostesse, as a Wife.

779.

England's Fift *Henry* was a Sunne too soone
Remov'd: Heav'n's Sunne's lesse strange: Ours set at Noone

780.

Zisca Alive his foes by Fight O'recome:
When Dead, hee'd Conquer with his Skin made Drumme.

781

781.

Five hundred thousand warriours fight with rage;
Yet *Bajazet* can't scape *Tamerlan's* Cage!

782.

Columbus was by his brave Spirit so hurl'd,
Hee seem'd the Sea-Apostle of the World.

783.

Ferdinand from the *Moores* wonne his Owne *Spaine*;
From th' *Indians*, Gold: from Him They Heav'n should gaine.

784.

Charles the Fift scorn'd Glory, Pleasure, Pelfe:
Turn'd Court-Monke and the Emp'rour of Himselfe.

785.

Henry of *Portugal*'s Old Age was Spring:
Hee Liv'd a Cardinal, and Died a King!

786.

Henry, Our Eight, few Painters have well made:
Some give him too much Light, some too much shade.

787.

Our *English Mary* in wrong Zeale 's Desire,
Poore Christians Burnd: The Counsaile was the Fire!

788.

Elizabeth was Temper'd to Inherit
Her Grandsire 's Wisdome, and her Father's Spirit.

789.

Scotland's Faire *Mary* Vext in Life and Story,
England has yet unridled to her Glory.

790.

Drake in New *Albion* might a Crowne have worne;
Wisely Denied: Though 't was not made of Thorne!

791.

When Truth, Peace, Juſtice, Mercy, Arts, did flouriſh,
Not *Henry*, but *James Beau-Clerke* did them nouriſh.

792.

Charles the Firſt, the Firſt his people's Marryr!
A Saint was Too, by right of th' Holy Charter!

793.

The *Body* ſtrikes-off its Owne *Head*! Strange deed!
The Head Cut-off, the Body Too Muſt bleed.

794.

King of Rare Lore and Vertue, *Charl's* the Firſt!
The Beſt of Men! Judg'd, by the Worſt, the Worſt!

795.

Beheaded *England*, ſtrange ſhall bee Thy Story:
Revive in thy New *Charl's*, to a New Glory!

796.

Our High-Noone Starre, *Charles* the *Second*, Shines!
'T is bleſt Succeſſe, when Heaven with Earth Combines!

797.

With Glitt'ring Swords, yet without ſhedding blood,
See, Our *Great Britan* Comes! 'Tis *Charles*, the *Good*.

798.

Yorke wing'd with Lightning, in a full carriere
Flies-on, and reſpites not his Foe to Fear!

799.

Kind *Glo'ſter* ſeing *Charles* Bleſt 'midſt juſt Deſires;
To Heav'n, whence his Owne Graces came, Reti're,

800.

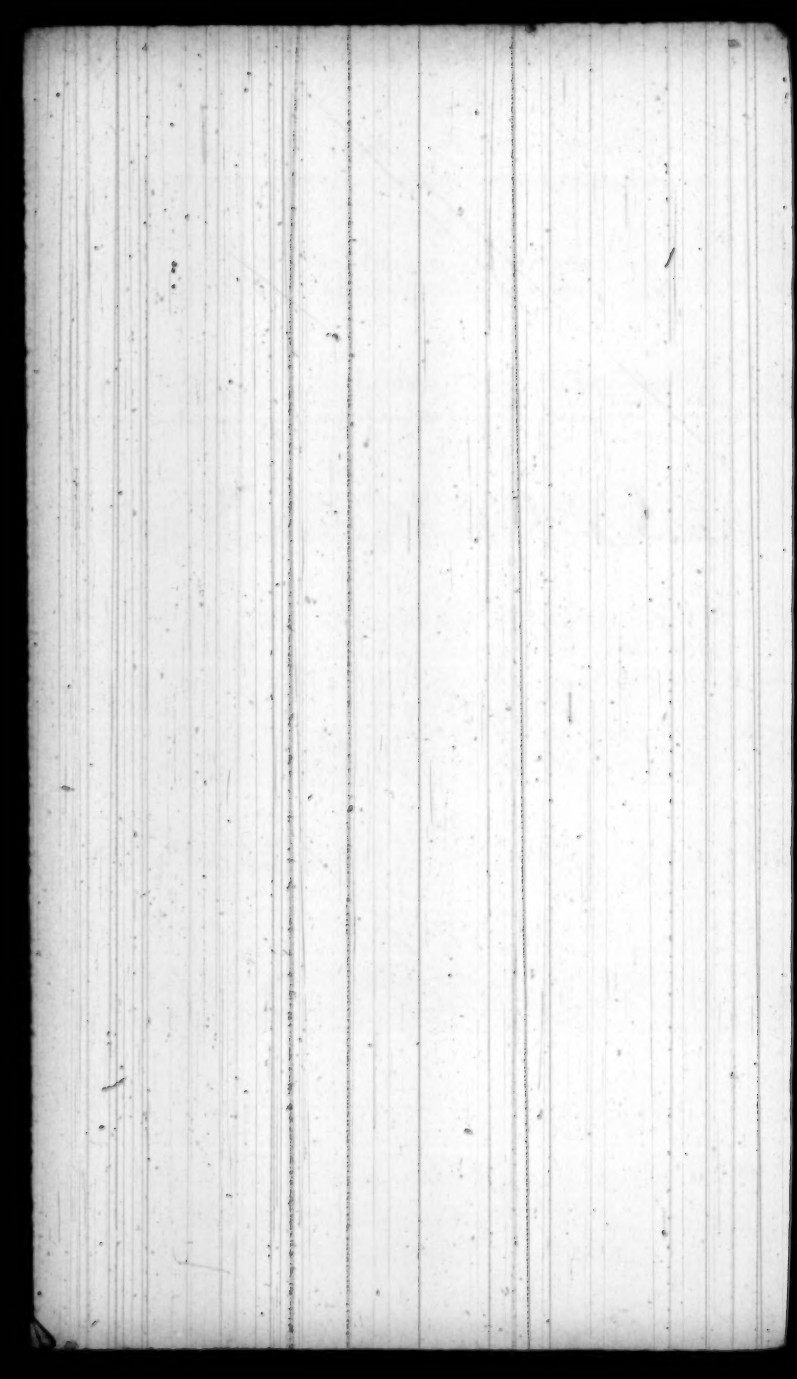
Kings Chooſe their friends: But *Charles* is ſuch Delight,
Hee is the Heav'n's and *England's* Favorite!

801

BOOK IX.

OF

Polititians.



801.

PAint mee a *Polititian* with right foote
Tip-toed, and Slily aiming for a shoote.

802.

Your *Politique*, that will bee held most quaint,
Must seeme, nay bee Beleev'd to bee a Saint.

803.

Nimrod had Art, before he had great Pow'r:
Hee built Himselfe, before hee built his Tow'r.

804.

Semiramis her Sexe and Plot did Hide:
Scarce could shee els th' *Assyrian* Empire guide.

805.

Nature taught *Jacob* Policy: by which
Hee made his Flock, and Him his Flock made Rich.

806.

Shechem had Craft; but that on Lust Heav'n Low'rs:
Let's Marry; then all *Jacob's* Wealth is Ours.

807.

If any a Shee-Politique would paint,
Potiphar's Wife is Copy for such Saint.

808.

The *Midwives* obtaine mercy, whiles they Muse,
Their Mercy to the *Hebrew* Babes t' Excuse.

809.

Rahab on the house-top hid *Israels* spies:
Heav'n saw't; though 't had not been so neere the Skies.

810.

Jael's sharpe Naile through *Sisera's* Temples went:
It was the surest naile in *Jaels* tent.

811.

Abimelech his ſeav'nty brethren kill'd:
By foulneſſe of his plot, his Plot hee ſpill'd.

812.

Abſalon's Rage was more; *Sampſon's* more fit:
Both did fire Corne: but *Sampſon* with Foxe-wit.

813.

Philiſtines th' *Iſraelite* no Smith afford:
Heav'n's plot! The Fooles doe fall by their Own ſword!

814.

Michal helpes *David's* flight, faigning him ſaint:
Choiſe Wit! That makes an Image ſave a Saint!

815.

Seemes *David* Mad? Feare 's Madneſſe: the Abuſe
Of Sanctity and Reaſon needs Excuſe.

816.

David's friends ſcape in a well O'reſpread with Meale:
Them, not the Woman's Wit, it did conceale.

817.

Achitophel did hang himſelfe; Wee 'll tell
But Truth too; *Huſhai* hang'd *Achitophel*.

818.

Had faire *Bathſheba* ne're been Too much ſeen,
Faire though ſhee were, ſhee ne're had been a Queen.

819.

Bathſheba 's ſhape was her Firſt Wit: That Wit
Court-taught, in *David's* Throne made *Solomon* ſit.

820.

A Crown to *Jeroboam* 's a ſtrange thing;
That would adore a Calfe to bee a King.

821.

Proud *Athalia* a King's Wife had been:
Rule ſhee will ſtill: Shee 'll Live or Die a Queen.

822.

By Night the *Mede* did *Baltaſar* beſet:
By Night hee ſees, that can a Kingdome get.

823.

Romulus gives *Rome* Bulke; *Numa* a Mind:
Yet, though his Wit ſees, his Devotion 's Blind.

824.

Hannibal to his Gods *Rome's* Empire vows:
Revenge for Sacrifice Heav'n n'ere allows.

825.

Hannibal 's Vow would have fierce Vengeance throwne
Upon *Rome's* head: it Falls upon his Owne.

826.

Old *Maſiniſſa* 's Wiſdome 's his beſt Pow'r:
Hee leagues with *Rome*; *Rome* els would all devoure.

827.

Jugurth 's Truſt in a Father-in-law O're-ſways him:
By Treachery, not Wit, *Bocchus* betrays him.

828.

Subtle, Stout, treacherous *Jugurth*, who can purge?
Who can ſcape God? The *Roman* was his ſcourdge.

829.

Sertorius 's Sword and Wit durſt try to doe
As much as *Romulus* and *Numa* too.

830.

Some greedy Swine will kill their Yong: Is 't true?
Herod his Children kill'd: was This Hog Jew?

831

831.

Sejanus, thy *Tiberius* was as Quick,
As Old: at last hee Show'd his Master-Tricke.

832.

In Senate, Hopes *Sejanus* must adorne:
Strange! Hee's Accus'd; Mas'd; Hal'd; in peeces torn!

833.

The *Jews* kill Christ, to save their state: profound
Wit! But Humane! 'T was That did All confound!

834.

At Once *Rome* Thirty Tyrants had: This Fits
A Monster: Many Heads! How many Wits?

835.

Shrewd *Diocletian* Empire Got: Design'd
Partners! raign'd Long: then Rule and Wit Resign'd.

836.

Ruffinus Guards *Arcadius*; still to raigne,
Raises the *Gothes* to warre; His Plot 's his Bane.

837.

False *Stilico* brings down the *Goth* to *Rome*:
His Hope 's his Throne: His Lot 's worse then a Tombe!

838.

Eudoxia her Ambition should exile,
Not *Chrysostome*, for all his holy toile.

839.

Phocas destroys *Mauritius*; who does straine
Conscience for Glory, does mistake his gaine!

840.

Phocas by bold *Heraclius* 's sword does fall:
Great Craft and Pow'r are Much; yet are not All!

841.

France, whiles thy Kings grow ſlugges, *Pipin* intrudes:
Keepes Court: the King was but the Moveable Goods!

842.

The Second *Sylveſter*, as fame then ranne,
Seem'd Witch: Indeed a Pope's a cunning Man.

843.

Gregory the Seav'nth many a Pope had made:
At laſt hee became free of the ſame trade.

844.

Alexander the Third by th' Painter's worke
Rodolfe betrayd to the Turke! The Pope 's more Turke!

845.

Pope *Alexander* 's Pride on th' Emp'rour trod!
Hee caſts contempt on Kings! A Vicar-God?

846.

A foote-ſtoole-King may make Meere man ſo ſtout,
The Swelling Pride may give a Pope the Gout!

847.

Th' Eight *Boniface* was great, till hee ſeem'd great:
H' had Wit to get, but not to keep, his Seat.

848.

Laurence de *Medices*, Judge of Striſe unjuſt,
Did in Himſelfe make friends Wiſdome and Luſt!

849.

Caſtruccius toild with Conqueſt to bee great,
Looſes his Life and Plots with Cold and Heat!

850.

Sforza a Duke and Traitour calls to his plot
Helpe: His Helpe 's Ruine! Jaile and Shame 's his Lot!

851.

Pope *Borgias* did a poiſned draught deſigne:
Err'd hee in Faith? Erre hee did in the Wine.

852.

Had *Borgias Peter's* Key? Miſchief of Sinne!
What is 't to Open Heav'n, and not Get-in?

853.

Borgias his Sonne *Cæſar* was ſold to Evil:
Proceeding hee took all Degrees of Devil?

854.

Whiles Others Death Proud *Cæſar Borgias* ſought
His Pois'nous Plot upon his Owne plot wrought.

855.

Miſtaken *Borgias* by High projects led,
Like *Sampſon*, pull'd the houſe upon his head.

856.

Macchiavell's working Mind ſtories compacts
Into new Rules: Bold Judge of ſacred Acts!

857.

Were *Macchiavell's Prince*, Satyre, paſſe it might
As *Florence*-Libels Witty, if not Right.

858.

Macchiavell's Wit nothing but Danger winnes,
If 't Undertakes the ſhame of Others Sinnes.

859.

In ſadneſſe *Macchiavel* thou didſt not well
To helpe the World to runne faſter to Hell!

860.

Who can 's Diſſemble, *Lewis* th' *Eleav'nth* ſaid,
Can't Live: Craft ſhould not have this Craft betrayd.

861.

861.

What Blood in *Paris*-ſlaughter, *Guiſe*, did'ſt ſpill?
Thy Owne flow'd next: didſt thou not teach to kill?

862.

Charles Loraine's Cardinal ſpeeches ſo fine
Did make, which part hee tooke None could divine!

863.

Such Secrets to the Eye *Botero* brings,
Hee Audits the Eſtates of the World's Kings!

864.

Paul the Third and *Morone* (they ſo compact)
At *Rome* and *Trent*, *Volpone* and *Moſca* act.

865.

Rome's *conclave*'s *Vulcan*'s Forge, where make they doe
Inviſible nets for Bodies and Soules too.

866.

In th' Orbe of *Belgique Spaine* ſee th' Excellence:
Marg'ret was ſtarre; *Granville* th' intelligence.

867.

Spaine's Second *Philip*, Maſter of his Art,
His Wit and Pow'r ſometimes ſeemes to Out-ſtart.

868.

The *Indies*, *Philip*, ſpread not like Thy roabe:
Art thou the New Horizon to the Globe?

869.

How *Philip* in his Gallery views his Mappes!
Conſults! Intents in Myſtery hee wrappes!

870.

Eſcurial's *Hammon*'s Oracle in Sand:
What's wondrous, *Philip*, does in Deſert ſtand!

871.

Perez flies *Philip*; Plots shews: Reinvited
By Hopes, relents: Abroad 's Fear'd; At Home Sleighted.

872.

Philip, Day ends in Night: was *Alva* Lot,
Or Choise? Neglect of *Cales* too, was 't a blot?

873.

T was *Gondomar's* great Aime, nor did hee cease
In Project, to contrive all Christians Peace.

874.

Spalato moves, removes: H' had Time and Scope:
At last hee leaves his Conscience for his Hope.

875.

Strange *Campanella* would bestow on *Spaine*
The World: but Hee 'd bee Monarch of the Braine.

876.

Rare *Baccaline*, such Policy th' hast express'd,
That th' hast Out-*Machiavell'd Machiavel* in jest.

877.

Paul the Fift by his *Venice*-strife Was sham'd:
By him his Cardinals, to his Gaine were tam'd.

878.

Urban the Eight in Fear and Wit fell Sicke:
Hopes bandy: Plots appear: Hee 's well. A Tricke!

879.

Thrice ten times *Barnevelt* from *Holland* went
Embassadour; at last his Head they sent.

880.

The *Rhene-Elector* lost much by *Bavare*
His friend: A kinder Cozen is not rare.

881.

881.

Nothing would *Walſtein* but a Crown content:
His Life was but in Hope and Treaſon ſpent.

882.

Had not the Empire 's Troubles *Spaine* halfe-maimd,
Richelieu's Wit had ne're been halfe ſo fam'd.

883.

Is *Portugal* a Cere-cloth on *Spaine* 's ſide!
To Kill, or Vexe, or Cure, is it applied?

884.

William the Firſt, whom Pride, Craft, Profit Sway'd,
Did *England*, but his Conſcience firſt, Invade.

885.

Beau-Clerke a *Saxon* Lady weds: deep Art!
The Head is *Norman*: *Saxon* 's now the Heart.

886.

Steph'n a Choiſe Courtier grows King: and wrong'd *Maud*
Enforc'd Conſents: Can forc'd Conſent mend fraud?

887.

The Spirits are Blood: Wit moves in fineſt Spirits:
By wit? by Blood, *Steph'n* thinks a Crowne hee merits.

888.

D' *Orlton*, thy Oracle (was *Delphian* ſtranger?)
Prompted bad *Edward's* death: yet thou ſcap'ſt danger!

889.

How Craft does in the Cloſe it ſelfe oft mocke!
Mortimer Great, But *Bad*, ſtoopes to the blocke!

890.

Bullingebrooke 's made a King: A great Pow'r choſe him:
In Death Fear Checks him: would his Fear depoſe him?

891.

891.

When the Sunne 's Hid, yet the Eclipſe is ſeene: (been.
Crooke-back 's Deeds Obſcur'd Heav'n: yet knowne th' have

892.

Morton fear'd his owne Head; yet ſo well us'd it,
That *Buckingham* 's, and *Crooke-backe* 's Liſe, excus'd it.

893.

Does *Warwick*'s death our Wiſeſt *Henry* taxe!
Crownes got by th' ſword, are oft kept by the Axe.

894.

Had *Wolſey* Faults? H' had worth! know Thou Thy Lot;
Hee 's Fame! Bee Thou content to bee Forgot.

895.

Gard'ner had Art, Zeale, Rigour, Craft profound:
A Palſy-Prieſt, that was halfe-ſicke, halfe-ſound.

896.

Walſingham's Wit, Slander or *Ghueſſe* did ſay,
Could through a Wall, Letter or Voice conveigh.

897.

Raleigh, had thy brave Spirit been judg'd ſincere,
As thy wit Sharpe, th' had'ſt ſcap'd both Axe and Fear.

898.

The moſt ſwell'd *Politique* 's Vexation's Doubled,
To thinke, His Glory muſt bee All Unbubled!

899.

The Griefe the *Subtleſt Traitour* can't Expel,
Is 't This, That hee can find no Crowne in Hell?

900.

Ages to come ſhall bee Thy Juſt Adorer,
Truly *Wiſe Albemarle*, England's Reſtorer!

901.

BOOK X.

OF

Divines.

901.

ALl things are *Wonder* ſince the World began:
The World 's a Riddle, and the Meaning 's *Man*!

902.

All Men are not Alike: Some can Diſcerne,
And wiſely *Teach* Truth: Some can only Learne.

903.

Happy the Sheep are, that Enjoy freſh ſprings:
Happier is *Hee*, the Sheep that thither *Brings*.

904.

To make the Sheep the Sheapheard is a Mocke:
A *Sheapheard* then there muſt bee, as a Flock.

905.

Wee 're Kings and *Prieſts*; The King of Heav'n ſo makes us:
Wee 're yet but Kings, as Prieſts: Man els miſtakes us.

906.

Kings wee are in *Conſcience*, Subject but to God:
Not All men yet muſt ſcepter 't: That were Odd.

907.

Prieſts Men are heere in their *Own Cloſets*; where
All for themſelves their Hearts and Hands muſt reare.

998.

All may *not Raigne, neither all Prieſt* it may;
The God of Wiſdome has giv'n no ſuch Sway.

909.

To a *Kings Counſailes* All are not admitted:
By Wiſdome and High Favour Men are Fitted.

910.

The Meaneſt *Sheapheard* ſhould have Age and Skill:
Els with the Flock it quickly will goe ill.

911.

911.

One *Timothy* the Gospel once did spread:
But of an Age of *Timothies* wee ne're read.

912.

A Taske and Honour 't is, but to Refine
The Body: *Soules* to *Cure* 's a Taske Divine.

913.

A surer Copy of *Truth* 's Worth 's not had,
Then by the view of *Men* some *Good*, some *Bad*.

914.

Philo a *Jewish* Priest Christians Commends:
Shall Christians bee worse *Jews* to such just friends?

915.

To *Moses* 's Laws *Philo* would adde a grace:
Indeed hee takes the veile from *Moses* 's face.

916.

Josephus says, that Christ was more then Man;
Rose the Third day: Was Hee not Christian!

917.

Josephus did *Vespasian* 's Raigne foretel,
In Prophesy, or Ghuesse, hee did Excel.

918.

If to th' *Apostles*, *Canons* doe belong,
The Question'd Number does the Right ones wrong.

919.

Growth 's not the size of Grace: Judge not by th' Eye:
Saint *Paul* was but fow'r foote and a halfe high.

920.

The Third Heav'n was beheld by Silent *Paul*:
Saint *Denis* saw it not: Yet would tell All!

921.

921.

Ignatius's Copies did they Credit need,
Vatican Manuscripts small faith would breed.

922.

Justin Philosophy in Life profess'd:
In Martyrdome a better hee Expres's'd.

923.

Wise *Irenæus* soberly acute,
The *Valentinian* Madnesse did refute.

924.

Though *Irenæus* Heresy O'rethrew;
In Phansy yet hee *Millenary* grew.

925.

Tertullian's *Mantle* is a Mantle, which
Shows his stricte Life; Halfe hides his Wit, though Rich.

926.

Tertullian, Thy *Prescriptions* are a Guide:
Need'st Thou one? Is't from phansy, or from Pride?

927.

Clemens the *Alexandrian* needs must gaine yee,
With His Choise store; Hee is but One, yet Many.

928.

Minutius Felix is a Purer fire:
Hee's Wit *ad Ollos*: Would hee yet rise higher?

929.

Julius Africanus writ a brief Story
Of a long time: The Worke's Lost, not the Glory.

830.

Origen without Death, by Art began
To bee a Saint; by being not a Man.

931.

931.

A Doubt it may bee, whither *Origen* writ
With greater Errour, or with greater Wit.

932.

Victor the Pope more Busy was, then Wise:
The Paschal Quarrel hee did Overprise.

933.

To Heav'n from Hell Christ's Way 's without Compare:
Magique and Martyrdome, *Cyprian's* Lot 's Share!

934.

Fond *Manichie*; what 's Chief, only That 's God:
Two Chiefes there are not: what's *Supreme*, is Odd.

935.

Arnobius does with Learning and much Zeale
Hate Pagan Rites, if not too much reveale.

936.

Lactantius happy Eloquence displays:
His Doctrine 's not so happy, as his Phrase.

937.

Thou *Epicycle* of the Church *Donatus*, why
Art not contented with the Common Sky?

938.

Donatus would his Church a new Arke make;
When as 't is Flood, not Arke! A strange Mistake!

939.

The Gyant *Arius* faigne to Heav'n would Climbe,
To fight with God? Is hee not too Sublime?

940.

'T was Pitty Arius did *Eusebius* taint,
Taking the Sonne of God but for a Saint.

941.

941.

A Bishop *Athanasius* faign'd, whiles under
The Age of Wit: Sport was the Type of Wonder.

942.

Most Christian *Athanasius*! Rare Projector
Of a strange fame; that was his God's Protector!

943.

The *Nicene* Creed Christ's Godhead does professe:
Were hee a Saviour els? Sure hee were Lesse.

944.

Saint *Hilary*, who in High Language rowl'd,
Christian and Bishop 's made, when hee is Old.

945.

Of Baptisme could vaine *Macedonius* boast,
And for a Creature take the Holy Ghost?

946.

Grave, Wise, Sweet *Basil*, free from fond desires,
Was his Owne Monast'ry, his Thoughts the Friers.

947.

Nyssene, thy brother *Basil* might bee fame
For both; but Thou too Liv'st by thy Owne Name.

948.

High *Nazianzene* and Starling! That 's thy Due,
Harke how it Thunders! And it Lightens too!

949.

Cyprus, thy Wood does from Corruption save;
Thy *Epiphanius* from Heresie 's Grave.

950.

Ambrose, upon thy Infant-Lippes Bees sate:
Still on the Hony of thy Lippes All Waite.

951.

Constantinople-Fathers did Inherit
God's Grace, whiles they Profess'd the Holy Spirit.

952.

True Musique, *Chrysostome*, Thou wast: The Spheare
Was faign'd: Bee Thou Still Tongue, wee 'll still bee Ear

953.

Sharpe *Jerom*, to whose Critique Skill all beeke,
Tutor'd th' Old Church in *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *Greek*.

954.

Great *Austin*! To bee Good, thou didst not faine:
Thy Youth was *Austin*: but thy Age was Saint.

955.

Austin, thou Christian *Hercules*, fame did'st winne
From Monsters! Thou shalt weare the Lion's Skinne.

956.

In *Britaine* first, *Pelagius*, saw'st the Sky?
Wee 'll pray too, that in *Britaine* thou maist Die.

957.

Seleucian Basil, like strong fire 's thy soule:
Whence still doe mount Squines of the Burning coale.

958.

Noble *Synesius*, delicate as the Dove!
Downe 's not so Soft: as Soft thou are as Love!

959.

Salvian, art Over-righteous? Thy fierce Zeale,
Wee Hope, mistakes: thou wound'st, whom thou would Heal

960.

Cyrill his *Alexandria* did adorne,
Whiles his Wit on *Nestorius* cast full Scorne.

961

961.

Theodoret from *Cyril* once dissented:
Hee had not els so learnedly repented.

962.

Th' *Ephesian* Fathers did *Nestorius* quell:
Hee thought Two Persons did in one Christ dwell.

963.

Two persons can't make One: *Two natures* can
One Person make: Thus is Christ God and Man.

964.

God is not Man; This would Confusion make:
But *into God*, *God* did the *Manhood take*.

965.

Truth and Saint *Austin*-*Prosper* did defend;
A friend hee was to Truth and to Truth's friend.

966.

Vincentius Judge of truth, next to the Best:
Th' art Sentence, not Discourse: Th' hast All express'd.

967.

Leo unarm'd did turne-back *Attila*'s Sword:
And arm'd with Truth quell'd Heresy with's Word.

968.

Christ's Manhood *Entitles* th' Absurd denied:
Wee His; if Manhood bee by Reason tried.

969.

Christ if not God, From Sinne Can no man quit:
By being *Man*, Christ to save Man, is *Fitt*.

970.

Sidonius his wit, Muse and Honour claime
Like-Right, to blazon his Thrise-happy Fame.

971.

Chrysologus upon himselfe did try
Practice: His Wit and his Devotion vie.

972.

Fulgentius, thy true Lustre n'ere shall waine;
That didst Christ's Godhead and his Grace Maintaine.

973.

Time 's Date from *Diocletian* once begunne:
From Christ's Birth *Dionysius* made it runne.

974.

Job had fow'r Counsailours: but his Fist Friend,
Great *Gregory*, does on us his Counsaile spend.

975.

Eve, *Solomon* and *Ysidore* would know
All things: Doe they in Heav'n? None Here below.

976.

Poppy-braind *Mahomet* dream'd a Religion;
H' had need to bragge, sure, of his holy pidgeon!

977.

Peruse the Various Labours of Old *Bede*;
You 'll muse, whether hee did more Write, or Read.

978.

Wrong'd *Damascene* did loose his hands betwixt
Errour and Truth he writ: the Man is Mixt.

979.

Photius the Pope of *Greece* learnedly knowne
By Others Workes, makes Their Workes Halfe his Owne.

980.

Bernard so happily imploi'd his thought,
Hee scarce had time to thinke of what was nought.

981.

981.

Fable and Malice is a *Rabbine*'s Skill;
Their Rites excepted: the Reſt th' expreſſe ill.

982.

Of *Jewiſh* Rites *Ben-maimon* does write true:
Happier *Lyranus* was a Chriſtian-*Jew*.

983.

Galily's Glaſſe would in Heav'n find-out Ground:
In high *Aquinas*'s Wit errour is found.

984.

Scotus oppos'd *Aquinas*'s Wit; nay more,
Headed a Sect: yet Died at Thirty fow'r.

985.

Many built *Bable*'s Tow'r; but *Nimrod*'s Fame:
Other mens Piles ſo raiſe *Toſtatus*'s Name.

986.

Luther and *Calvin* Differd and Agreed:
Their Difference has made them both worſe ſpeed.

987.

Beza, though Critiques ſtill Thy Talke purſue
Thy Diligence and Copy will bee true.

988.

Montanus in Tranſlating ſeldome trippes:
Rare Man! In Fear yet the Lord's Prayer hee Clippes.

989.

Bellarmine pleads for Truth with Reaſons fit:
Againſt Truth hee brings Names and Seeming Wit.

990.

Founder of th' *Annels*, whiles as partial blam'd,
May n't thy worke bee *Maſſa Corrupta*, Nam'd!

991.

Though Method, Clearneſſe, and Compleatneſſe, call
Valentia Happy; Hee writ ſince the Fall.

992.

Vaſquez is a deep Pioner; his Vau't
Hee makes with Art: yet ſometimes 't is at ſau't.

993.

Suarez his Curious Webbe ſo fine does ſpinne;
Arts makes it w eake; and oft it proves too Thinne.

994.

Socinus would an *Archimedes* prove:
Stepp'd from the Church, the Church he would remove.

995.

Peſa his Creed, Pope and *Aquinas* ſleighted!
In *Spaine* too! Hee was Over-Jeſuited!

996.

Wiſe *Martyr*, ſtout *Chemnitius*, and the Mild
Whitaker, have Sathans Hopes much beguil'd.

997.

Chamier comes in the Reere: Hee ſcornes to yield;
Conquers; and take the full ſpoile of the field.

998.

Though ſome, of Earth j'th' *Moone*, doe vainly tell,
Elect Earth ſhall in Heav'n for ever dwell.

999.

A Thouſand Beauties *Solomon* injoi'd.
Some will bee with theſe Thouſand Thoughts Imploy'd.

1000.

Father of Gifts, who to the Duſt did'ſt Give
Life, ſay to theſe my Meditations, *Live*.

FINIS.

Emendations.

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